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COMMENT OF THE DAY

Trial In Japan

THE question has been settled — it is hoped finally: William Girard is to be tried by a Japanese Court for the manslaughter of a Japanese woman. The decision by the US Supreme Court over-rides the lower court ruling forbidding the Government to allow a Japanese Court to try him.

And, though many in America will dispute the latest decision, let it be said that it is the right one, and a good one from any point of view.

This particular case involves certain technicalities which Girard's lawyers have been trying to exploit. They have every right to do this. It is their duty. But what the case boils down to in the eyes of most people is this: should a serviceman, charged with a crime in another country involving a national of that country, be placed in a different category from a civilian?

NO extraterritorial rights are granted to Americans in Japan, but there is a status of forces agreement. The US Supreme Court says a narrow issue is involved. It is this: does the Constitution or existing legislation prevent carrying out the agreement between the US and Japan for trying soldiers who violate the laws of both?

And their answer—unanimously—is that there is not. And so the decision on whether Girard should be tried at home or in Japan rests with the Government which, very wisely, has decided that he should be tried in Japan. The only assurance they can give Girard's family is that there is no reason to suppose that the trial will be other than fair.

LITTLE or nothing has been said about the wisdom of the Lower Court's decision in deciding that there was no need for the American Government to produce the relevant documents in court or to subpoena Mr Dulles and Mr Charles Wilson, the Defence Secretary to testify personally. Had the Lower Court considered these two aspects it would have amounted to prejudgment of the case which could have been embarrassing to either Girard or the Japanese Court, whichever way the result went.

The Supreme Court's decision should now remove any scoring sides that American nationals are entitled to privileged treatment abroad just because they are Americans.

AGA'S SUCCESSOR NAMED

His Grandson Is The Surprise Choice

Versoix, July 12.

PRINCE Karim, grandson of the Aga Khan, today was named to succeed him as ruler of 10 million Ismaili Moslems.

That Border Shooting SOVIET ARMS BLAMED

Washington, July 12. The Israeli Embassy alleged today that the clashes this week on the Israel-Syria border followed "increased Soviet arms deliveries and the dispatch of major numbers of Soviet experts to Syria."

An Israeli Embassy spokesman said that according to latest reports, the value of Soviet arms so far supplied to Syria exceeded 140,000,000 dollars (about 250 million sterling). At least 250 Soviet "experts" had arrived in Syria, the spokesman said, and arms supplied to Syria by the Soviet bloc included at least 150 Russian T-34 tanks and 50 Geyman Mark IV tanks.

SYRIA ACCUSES
Syria also had received 50 modern MIG-17 planes as well as an unspecified number of MIG-15s, the spokesman claimed. Other arms which the Israeli Embassy spokesman claimed had been received by Syria included 10 torpedo boats, 100 self-propelled anti-tank guns, 20,000 sub-machine guns, and a large number of anti-aircraft guns, mortars and ammunition.

In New York, Syria accused Israel of provoking last Tuesday's border incident in which several casualties were reported by both sides, and of opening fire. A statement circulated at United Nations headquarters by the Syrian delegation said Syrian troops replied to the Israeli fire "in self-defence."

China's YMCAs

Kassel, July 12. Mr Saburo Nagai, Japanese delegate to the World Council meeting of the Young Men's Christian Association told the meeting today that branches of the YMCA in China wanted to rejoin the World Association.

Karim is the eldest son of Prince Aly Khan. His selection came as a surprise. Most observers predicted that Aly, 46, the eldest son of the Aga would succeed to his father's position.

The choice of the 19-year-old Karim was announced after a family conference here which he attended with his father and Aly's half-brother, Sadruddin.

In addition to Karim, Prince Aly has another son, 18-year-old Amyn, a Harvard student who was en route to Switzerland for the funeral of his grandfather who died yesterday at the age of 79.

AGA'S WILL READ

Karim and Amyn are Prince Aly's sons by his first marriage to Joan Yarde-Buller, a union which lasted 13 years. Aly also has a daughter, Princess Jasmin, by his marriage to actress Rita Hayworth. But there is no female line of succession in the Ismaili sect.

An announcement, given to reporters late tonight by the Aga Khan's secretary, read: "Prince Karim Aga Khan, eldest son of the Aly Khan, has been nominated by the Aga Khan as his successor as Imam of the Shiah Moslem Ismaili Community."

"The Aga Khan wrote in his will the following: 'In view of the fundamentally altered conditions in the world in very recent years due to the great changes which have taken place, including discoveries of atomic science. I am convinced that it is in the best interests of the Shiah Moslem Ismaili community that I should be succeeded by a young man who has been brought up and developed during recent years and in the midst of the new age and who brings a new outlook on life to his office as Imam.'"

Karim, born in October 1938, will be known as Aga Khan IV, it was reported.

ONE SMILING, ONE TENSE

Reuter reported that Aly Khan left the lakeside villa where the conference was held and where the Aga Khan died yesterday, after the reading of the will.

He smiled as he edged his car through the gates between waiting journalists but made no reply to questions shouted at him.

Prince Sadruddin, 24, the Aga Khan's younger son, his face tense and unsmiling, drove his car out of the gates some 45 minutes later.

Earlier today, Sadruddin said that in view of his father's death his marriage to former British model Nina Dyer, planned for Monday, had been postponed until August 27.

In Cairo, Zaki Jashem, lawyer for the Aga Khan said he had received cable instructions from the Aga's family that his burial would be at Aswan.—United Press & Reuter.

Vivien Leigh's Outburst Touches A Peer's Heart

London, July 12. Actress Vivien Leigh's dramatic outburst in the House of Lords last night appealing to the Lords to save the 122 years old St. James Theatre from demolition has softened the heart of one peer at least—Lord Silkin, who intends to do something, a declaration on the matter by both Houses of Parliament.

state aid for the arts, has given notice that he will try to save the theatre. In the House of Lords on July 25, he will move a resolution which says that "No action should be taken to demolish or otherwise prejudice the continued use of the St James Theatre as a theatre pending a decision on the matter by both Houses of Parliament."

Now Where's He Gone?

Mr Donald Jackson Blackwood, the American who disappeared into Communist China with his Korean wife and child in April and returned to Hongkong again yesterday, checked out from his hotel residence at room 605 Sunning House, last night.

The hotel management said Mr Blackwood and his family checked out at 3 p.m. following his interview by Pressmen which began two hours previously. The hotel people said they did not know where Mr Blackwood was living now.

The United States Consulate here do not think that the Blackwoods have left the Colony as procedure for Mrs Blackwood's visa into the United States has not yet been finalized. It is possible that Mr Blackwood has moved away to escape further publicity.

ONE WAY PASSPORT LIKELY FOR DONALD BLACKWOOD

By A CHINA MAIL REPORTER

Donald Blackwood, who returned from China with his Korean wife and nine-months old son yesterday after disappearing from Macao two and a half months ago, will almost certainly be offered a one-way passport back to the United States.

As punishment for disobeying the American Government's ban on travel in China, it is thought Blackwood will have passport facilities withdrawn from him.

This has happened on previous occasions when Americans have defied their Government's orders.

PRECEDENT

One similar case recently was Mr William Worby, an American newspaper correspondent, who visited China, via Moscow. He was allowed restricted facilities to return to the United States and then his passport was withdrawn.

Blackwood's wife, however, poses a problem. Even though she is the wife of an American national there is no guarantee that she will be given a visa promptly.

The wife of a former American serviceman who opted to go to China after the Korean war, Mrs Tania Hawkins, is still waiting for a visa to the United States although she has been in the Colony almost a month and her husband is in America.

And before getting her visa Mrs Blackwood will be screened to ascertain her political background. The main question with which the American Consulate here will be concerned is why did the Blackwoods go to China without disclosing their intentions, knowing that it was strictly forbidden. While it is possible that Blackwood will be allowed to return to the United States



Blackwood, at last night's press conference. —China Mail Photo.

after preliminary inquiries in Hongkong (fairly soon, his wife's future movements are uncertain). If her visa to the United States is not immediately granted she will probably have to return to Korea on the expiry of her entry permit to Hongkong.

NINE DEAD IN BUS TRAGEDY

Djakarta, July 12. Nine people were killed and five others seriously injured when a crowded passenger bus caught fire and the gasoline tank exploded near Palembang, South Sumatra yesterday. A survivor said the fire started in the carburetor. As the flames spread the passengers panicked and fought to get out of the bus. Most of them were still inside it when the gasoline tank exploded and enveloped the bus in flames.—Reuter.

Job For Molotov

Independent Paris, July 12. Newspaper, France Soir said today the dismissed Soviet leader Molotov was believed to have been offered the post of Soviet Ambassador in Buenos Aires.

ZEPHYR MASCOT SUMMONS REJECTED

Huddersfield, July 12. Two summonses concerning a car mascot were dismissed today by Mr L. M. Pugh, the stipendiary magistrate.

One alleged that a 1955 Ford Zephyr car was used with a mascot in such a position that it was likely to strike any person with whom the vehicle might collide, and so cause injury. The other alleged that a fitting attached to the top of the bonnet was in such a condition that danger was caused. The defendant was Mr Walter George Harrison, 44, technical officer of Farnworth, Huddersfield.—China Mail Special.

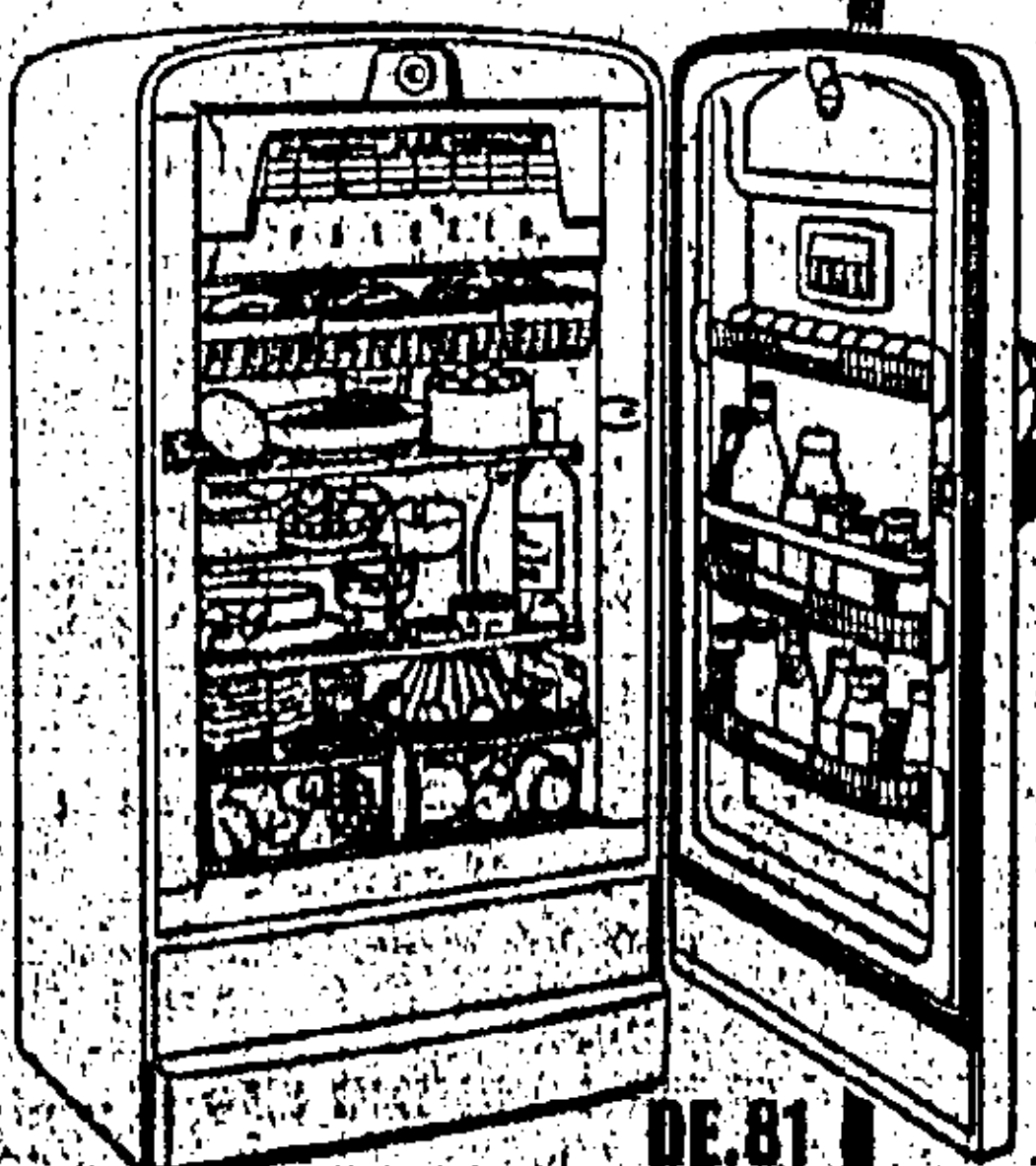
HK Witnesses To Be Called

Singapore, July 12. Sixty-eight summonses charges involving a total sum of US-\$3,694,575 were preferred against a Singapore rubber firm in a magistrate's court today. A preliminary inquiry into the charges, brought under the exchange control ordinance, will begin on July 20. The firm is Aik Hoo and Co.

Ltd, whose directors are Singapore rubber magnates, including Mr Tan Lark Sye, a multi-millionaire. The charges were not read in open court. Mr M. B. Brash, a lawyer representing the firm, said he would be calling witnesses from Bangkok, Hongkong and one of the finance houses in the United States.—Reuter.

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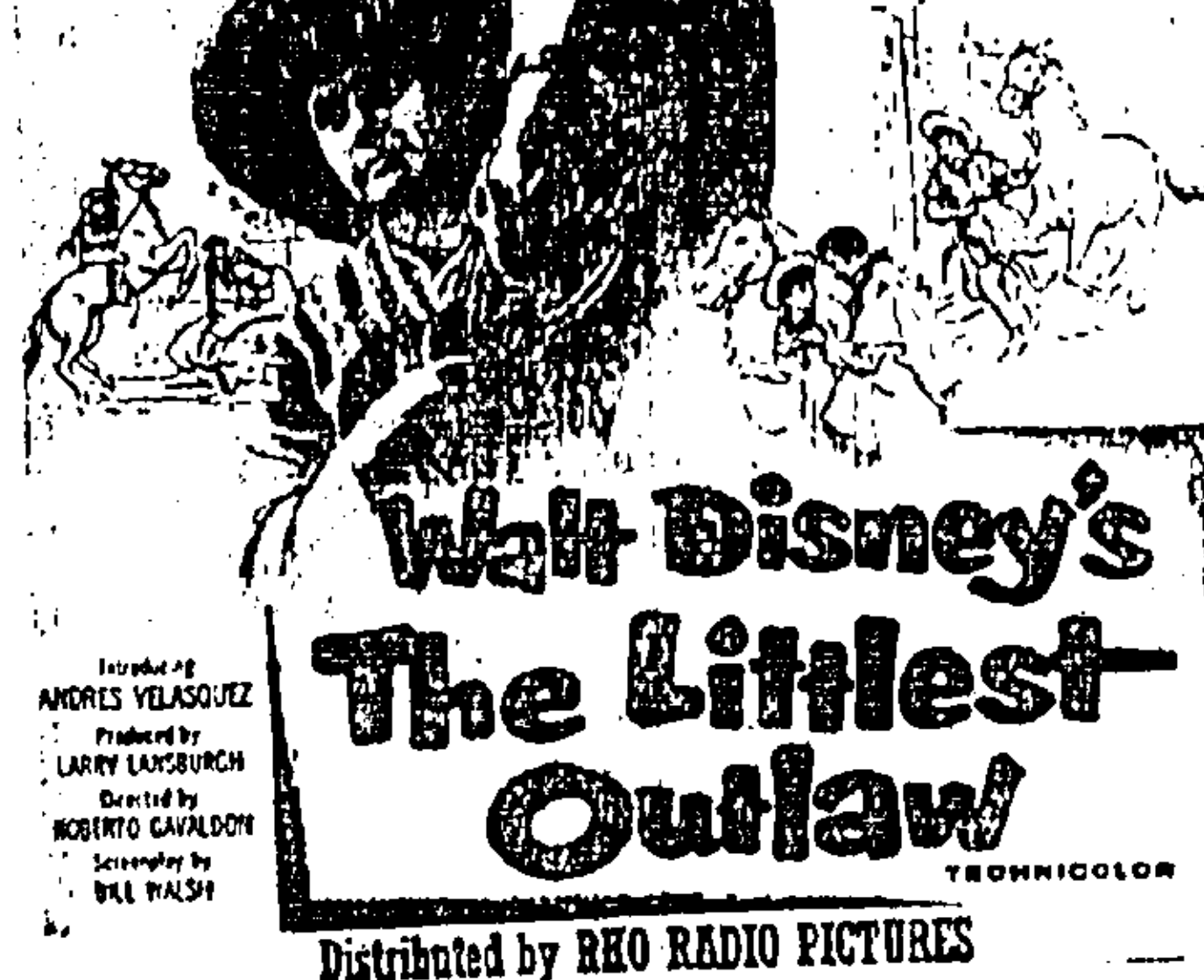
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TO-DAY

A boy...and his horse...Pursued by an Army...Captured by Bandits...Sought by the Law...In an unusual movie of excitement and suspense!



Walt Disney's
The Littlest Outlaw

Distributed by RKO RADIO PICTURES

PRINCESS EXTRA MORNING SHOW
To-morrow at 11.00 a.m.

M-G-M presents
"TOM & JERRY" TECHN. CARTOONS

Admission: \$1.00, \$1.50

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TO-DAY 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 TO-DAY
A GREAT HORROR HIT!

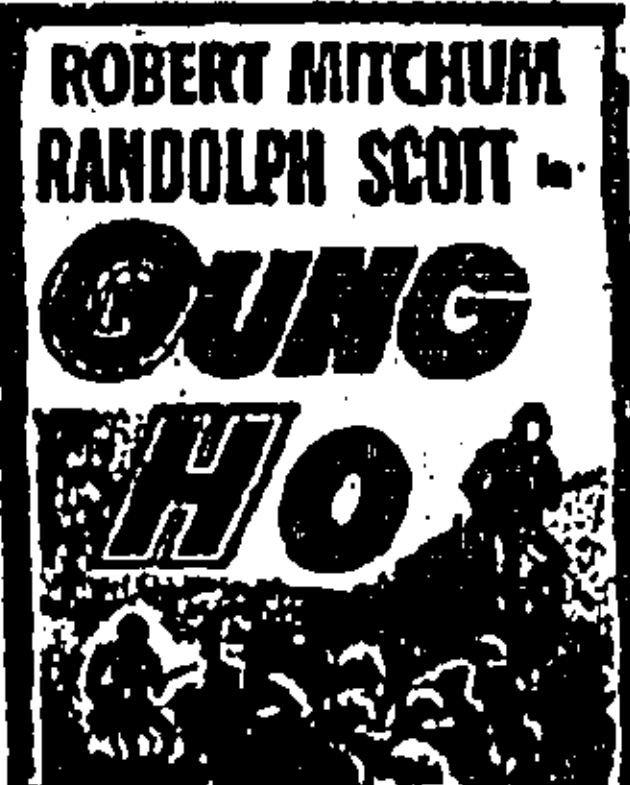


IT THRILLS, CHILLS AND AMUSES YOU!
Dialogue in Mandarin — English Subtitles

5 SHOWS TO-MORROW SUNDAY

CAPITOL RITZ

AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30
& 9.30 P.M.



TO-MORROW MORNING SHOW
At 12.30 P.M.
Produced by WALT DISNEY
"THE VANISHING PRINCE"
In Technicolor

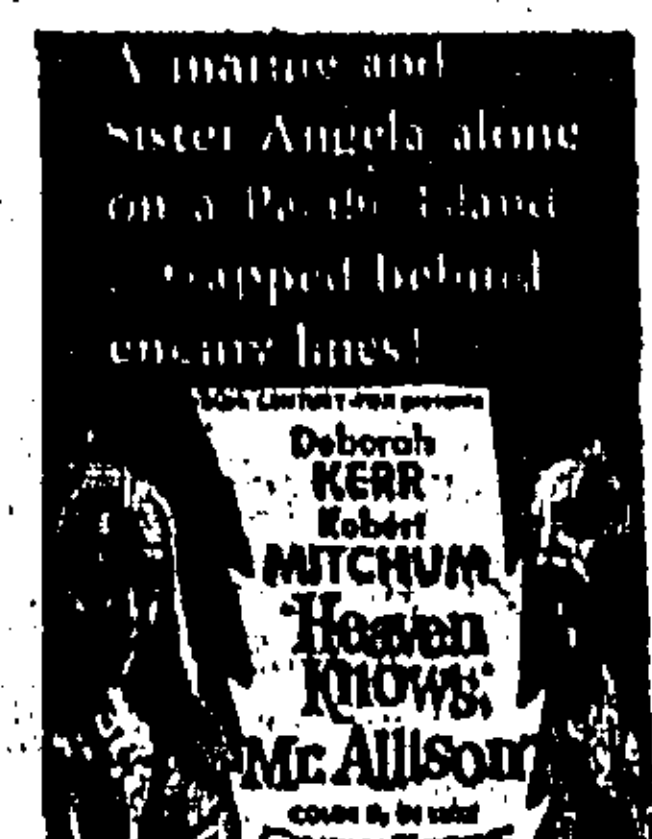
SHOWING TO-DAY
At 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 p.m.



To-Morrow Special Show
At 12.30 p.m.
DUKE MITCHELL
SAMMY PETRILLO
"BELLA LUGOSI MEETS
A BROOKLYN GORILLA"

ORIENTAL MAJESTIC
AIR CONDITIONED

FINAL TO-DAY
At 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 p.m.
HOLD OVER BY PUBLIC REQUEST



Considerable To-Morrow
"THREE BRAVE MEN"
Morning Show To-Morrow 11.30
GLENN FORD in
"BLACKBOARD JUNGLE"

SHOWING TO-DAY
At 2.30, 5.20, 7.30
& 9.30 P.M.



To-Morrow Morning Show
At 12.30 p.m.
"LONE RANGERS"
A Warner Bros. Film

FILMS

BY JANE ROBERTS

This Week's Films In Pictures



Pablo in "The Littlest Outlaw" receives the horse "Conquistador" as his very own.

The Littlest Outlaw

Andres Velasquez is a large eyed little Mexican boy whom Walt Disney has aimed at the motherly hearts of his prospective female audiences.

The boy's devotion to a horse is a bid for the attention of the youngsters, and Pedro Armendariz has been thrown in to capture the interest of those who think of him as a sensitive character actor always capable of giving a good performance. Added to what Mr. Disney must have regarded as three sure winners is the romantic background of old Mexico and some staid dignity by two bad bearded bandits.

In spite of a good sustained performance by the young boy and the usual competence from Pedro Armendariz, this picture seems to lack the sure touch usually associated with a Walt Disney production. It's as though once having assembled his ingredients, worked out his plot and told his actors what to do, he has suddenly lost interest. Perhaps I looked for more in the simple story behind the complicated action than was meant to be there, and I shall possibly receive many letters pointing me for my lack of appreciation of its homely appeal. Let's say that the children will love it, and leave it at that.

The Spirit of St. Louis

James Stewart adds Colonel Charles Lindbergh to his growing list of impersonations of famous people and a very good job he makes of it.

Although the present generation — non-Americans anyway — are probably a little hazy as to what exactly constituted Charles Lindbergh's claim to fame, he was a hero to the air-minded of the late 1920s. His non-stop flight from New York to Paris in 1927 was the rewarding conclusion to an uphill

the heart to face his successful punters and makes off in order not to let them see his disappointment at not being able to pay them their winnings.

It's a short step from here to impersonating a wealthy race horse owner and with the advantages gained from this lofty position to plan a switch-over of horses the night before a big race is run. Alced and abetted by his gang, Sydney James and Brian Rix, Shiner cuts out all the old race course gags plus a few new ones, and manages to make a passably funny film out of rather shopworn material.

The film takes its title from the tradition of an old country inn that plays a large part in the film and naturally the director couldn't fight the temptation to make the stairs the principal part affected, with obvious results. I seem to remember Jack Benny and Ann Sheridan using the same gag in a film years ago called "George Washington Slept Here", but I suppose this type of joke will never cease to have its following.

Peggy Mount as a portly policeman works hard for her laughs and deserves some of them—which is, I think, a fair comment on the picture as a whole.

Rodan

The scenic and sound effects introduced into this picture by its Japanese director, Inoshiro Honda are calculated to induce fear and horror, but unless you are under twelve or highly impressionable the object will not have been achieved.

The picture is interesting from an entirely different point of view—that of "selling" the beauty of the Japanese countryside. The Eastmancolour brings out admirably the towering mountains, wooded slopes and picturesque valleys better than any of the previous Japanese films I have seen that have been praised at Film Festivals for their photography.

The story is a mixture of science, biology and fiction, with a strong leaning towards the latter. It tells of the emergence, after many million years, of a species of Pterodactyl. Extinct for all this time a number of them broke out from their cavernous cages and menace the crowded cities of North Japan.

A scientist advances two theories for their sudden reappearance. One is that the bowels of the earth are getting hotter (the winged monsters make their entry into the daylight through cracks in the earth in a coal mining area) and the other is a rather obvious piece of propaganda against the use of the H-Bomb as it suggested that the disturbance caused by H-Bomb experiments might have cracked the eggs that have lain buried in the coal seams for millions of years.

The destruction of a town by sudden caused by the beating of the bird's wings was impressive for the first few seconds until the tumbling buildings became so obviously faked that interest died. Surely some other evidence of the thing's destructive powers could have been used if the production company did not want to go to the expense of having a more realistic looking background.

Mount Aso in eruption at the end of the picture was better, and the gyrations of the dying monsters grotesquely graceful. Here too the sound effects were well managed, being loud enough to quicken the senses and not noisy enough to deafen.

It was even possible to admire the tremendous fight for survival of the birds and to feel slightly moved at their ultimate destruction.

Dry Rot

Ronald Shiner, that ingratiating bouncer, is a bookmaker temporarily embarrassed by lack of funds in "Dry Rot". In fact he's so embarrassed that he hasn't

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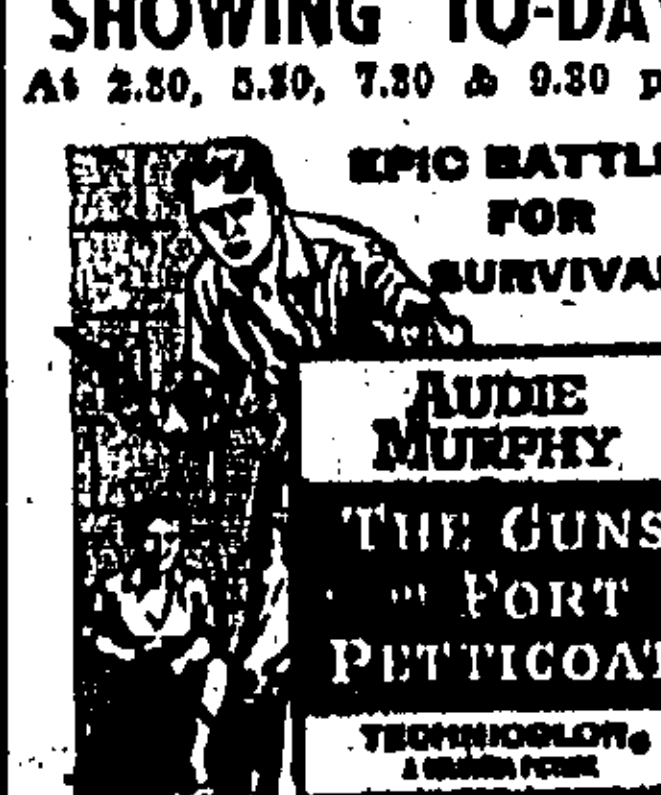
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To-morrow Morning Show
At 11.00 a.m.
"MEN OF THE FIGHTING LADY"

QUEEN'S & ALHAMBRA

SHOWING TO-DAY

PLEASE NOTE CHANGE OF TIMES
2.30 • 5.00 • 7.20 • 9.40 P.M.



SUNDAY MORNING SHOWS AT 11.30 A.M.
QUEEN'S THREE STOOGES' COMEDIES
& W-B'S LATEST CARTOONS
At Reduced Prices
ALHAMBRA
Extra Performance
"THE SPIRIT OF ST. LOUIS"
At Regular Prices

ROXY & BROADWAY

TO-DAY ONLY

AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.



20th Century-Fox Release

TO-MORROW MORNING SHOW

ROXY: At 12.00 Noon
Burt Lancaster
Jean Peters
in
"APACHE"
Color by Technicolor
Released thru United Artists
At Reduced Prices
BROADWAY: At 11.00 a.m.
FOX TECHNICOLOR
CARTOONS
At 12.00 Noon
Tyronne POWER in
"CAPTAIN FROM CASTLE"
In Technicolor
Free "Pepi-Goli" To All
Patrons At These Two Morning Shows

★ GRAND OPENING TO-MORROW ★



20th Century-Fox Release
BOOKINGS NOW OPEN!

STAR THEATRE METROPOLE

SHOWING TO-DAY

AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.



Star & Metropole 5 Shows To-morrow. Extra Performance of
"MISTER CORY" At 12.30 p.m.

TO-MORROW MORNING SHOW

STAR: At 11.00 a.m.
Walt Disney's
Feature-length
Technicolor Cartoon
"PETER PAN"
For Young & Old!
METROPOLE: At 11.00 a.m.
FOX TECHNICOLOR
CARTOONS
At Reduced Prices

CLOSING DATE OF PHOTO COMPETITION ANNOUNCED

The China Mail photo competition will close in three weeks' time.

Entries should be clearly marked for the section in which they are being entered and full captions should be provided explaining what the picture is about. Short headings are not wanted.

The competition is in two sections — news and "human or animal interest".

Prizes are first: \$150 and second \$100 in each section.

READ THE RULES

Readers intending to enter the competition are advised to read the rules carefully, particularly with regard to the size of entries and to the writing of captions.

Readers are also reminded that current pictures are not the only ones eligible. Photographs taken in previous years will qualify as long as they are the entrants' own work.

All entries should be either posted or delivered to the Editor, The China Mail, 1-3 Wyndham Street, Hongkong. All entries should be in envelopes with a cardboard backing to avoid damage.

Rules And Regulations

1. Entry is free.
2. One entrant may submit two photographs in each section.
3. All entries must be accompanied by the printed slip below, duly completed and signed.
4. All entries must be preferably on glossy-finish paper and measure 6 x 8 or larger.
5. All entries must carry a caption adequately describing the photograph.
6. Retouched photographs will not be accepted.
7. Photographs should be topical but good news photographs taken in previous years are acceptable.
8. The China Mail cannot accept entries from any members of the staff or their families of the South China Morning Post Ltd.
9. Photographs known to have been published in any newspaper, magazine or periodical in this Colony or in any part of the world will not be accepted.
10. All entries submitted become the property of the China Mail and the China Mail reserves the right to exhibit and publish some or all of the entries at a later date.
11. All photographs must have been taken in Hongkong by the entrant.
12. The editor reserves the right to refuse any entry if it is considered in any way offensive, or if it is otherwise unsuitable.
13. The China Mail reserves the right to determine the size of each published picture.
14. No responsibility can be accepted for any deficiencies claimed either in processing or printing but every effort will be made to reproduce photographs to the best of this newspaper's ability.
15. The judges' decision is final and no complaints or appeals will be entertained.

Interesting News Stories From All Parts Of The World

"Picasso... He's Horrible. Matisse Is Worse" AN 'OLD MASTER' AT 11

PRODIGY PAINTS FAMOUS PICTURE

London. HOWARD CLANFORD, aged 11, visits the National Gallery in London every week — to work on a copy of a famous old picture.

It is the first time that permission has been given for a boy to paint at the gallery.

Howard, who will be 12 in October, was found last week standing by his easel in Room Six in front of a 6th, by 4th, 5th, canvas—the famous Cavalry Battle, painted by Wouwermans in the 17th century.

A group of admirers watched as he worked.

Howard, in shorts and white shirt, wiped his brow. "It will be another two to three years before I've finished it," he said.

'NO TRAINING'

Professional artists who have seen Howard's work consider it brilliant for a child.

His great aunt, Miss Violet Sparrow, who takes Howard to the Gallery every week, said: "He has had no training. He started when he was three years old."

"He doesn't eat sweets. He spends nearly all his time when he isn't actually at school, on drawing."

Howard, who lives in Cedars Road, Clapham, has been working on Cavalry Battle for six months.

"My headmistress allows me off school on Friday afternoons so I can come to the Gallery," he said.

PICASSO? NO

What artists does he like?

"Not Picasso," said Howard.

"His horrible. Matisse is worse."

"Sir Alfred Munnings is my favourite. I'm longing to meet him."

"Sometimes I go to the Royal Academy just on the offchance of seeing him."

"I did see him once. But I hadn't the courage to go and talk to him."

Howard's ambition is to become President of the Royal Academy—"or at any rate have a picture hung there."

Not So Mad After All

London. An Ipswich mental patient who won £230,708 on a football pool has decided against venturing into the outside world with his new fortune.

Albert Steele, 50, has been a voluntary patient at St Clements Hospital for 28 years and could leave at any time. But he decided to stay in the institution, declaring:

"In the world outside I would find scoundrels, hangers-on and false friends. Here I know my friends are true."—United Press.

Zoo's Baby Sea-lion Almost... Drowns



It was so hot at London Zoo for the ten-day-old baby sea-lion. So when mother and father left him for a few seconds to have a swim he eyed the cool water longingly and edged closer and closer. ... Then his flipper slipped on the wet rock and—plopp, he sank like a stone. For baby sea-lions can't swim and don't usually go into the water until they are five weeks old. Seconds ticked by and there was no sign of the baby. Keeper Jack Bley was about to vault over the railings when a sleek black head broke the surface gripping the baby by the scruff of the neck. But he fell in again before his mother managed to drag him clear. Which accounts for mother's watchful eye and father's lifeguard patrol as baby relaxes after the rescue.

BOY SOLDIERS RAID TOP SECRET BASE & BEAT SECURITY

London. A group of boy soldiers aged 15 and 16 stood one Sunday morning outside the perimeter fence of Britain's most hush-hush aircraft establishment. On the fence-top was barbed wire. A notice warned: "Guard dogs on patrol."

"I dare you to get in," said one boy.

Four of the others stiffened to the challenge.

At a point where the fence had already been tampered with they went under the wire and found themselves inside Farnborough airfield—home of the Royal Aircraft Establishment.

YELLOW PAINT

They took with them a pot of yellow paint, intending to daub signs on parked aircraft to leave proof of their visit.

One of them had a better idea. They took as proof a compass from a crashed Comet fuselage.

But when they returned to their camp at Aldershot the other boy soldiers would not believe they had been inside.

So, for the second time in 12 hours, they returned and breached the security perimeter of the R.A.E. This time they took a whole instrument panel from another Comet.

They saw no sign of guard dogs or patrols.

Last week the boys pleaded guilty at Aldershot Juvenile Court, stealing equipment worth £1,140.

"We did it for a prank," they said in a statement to the police.

DISCHARGED

It was stated that they had already been punished by their Army commander, and they were conditionally discharged.

Last night the Ministry of Supply refused to admit that the facts of the Royal Aircraft Establishment security chiefs were red.

A spokesman said: "This penetration took place in an area which contained no information of security importance."

"And they got further the boys would have entered the fully patrolled area."

I understand, however, that the penetration of the defence perimeter has been looked into at Farnborough. ... and next time anybody tries it might not be so easy.

Unlucky Father

Kalamazoo, Mich. Kenneth Little, 19, was back in gaol as a parole violator. Police had been looking for him for three months but failed to find him until his name cropped up in a newspaper. He had become a father.—United Press.

THE MIRACLE OF MRS McARDLE'S EYES...

London. MRS MARY McARDLE stood on tiptoe, peered into a mirror and saw her own face—for the first time in 16 years. She is 70.

"Don't I look a funny old woman," she said. Then her wide brown eyes, blind for so long, gave a twinkle. "I am really a snasher, aren't I?"

THREE-DAY COMA

Mrs McArdle's sight vanished during the 1941 blitz. In her darkened kitchen at Farringdon Road a rat jumped at her. The shock sent her into a three-day coma and when she woke she could not see.

Last week she sat in the living room of her little house at Lemford Court, Boreham Wood, Hertfordshire—the house she had never seen before.

"I think it was a miracle. The Lord answered my prayers at last," she said.

Last week she went to hospital, unable to walk or even stand. She thought she was going to die.

SAT PRAYING

In her bed at the Edgware General Hospital Mrs McArdle, a Roman Catholic, sat praying.

"I bowed my head and lifted it again—and there on the window-sill at the foot of the bed I could see a bird," she said.

"He was singing and he would not go away."

"For a moment I thought I had died and gone to Heaven. Then I screamed. The sister came running and I shouted 'I can see. I can see.'"

Doctors examined her and tested her eyes. She could see—and all her aches and pains seemed to have vanished as swiftly as her blindness.

The doctors sent her home.

HUSBAND WAITING

There her 70-year-old husband, Peter, was waiting for her. Mrs McArdle looked at him. He has helped her to cook and clean, and done all her shopping for 16 years.

"He has not changed very much since then," she said.

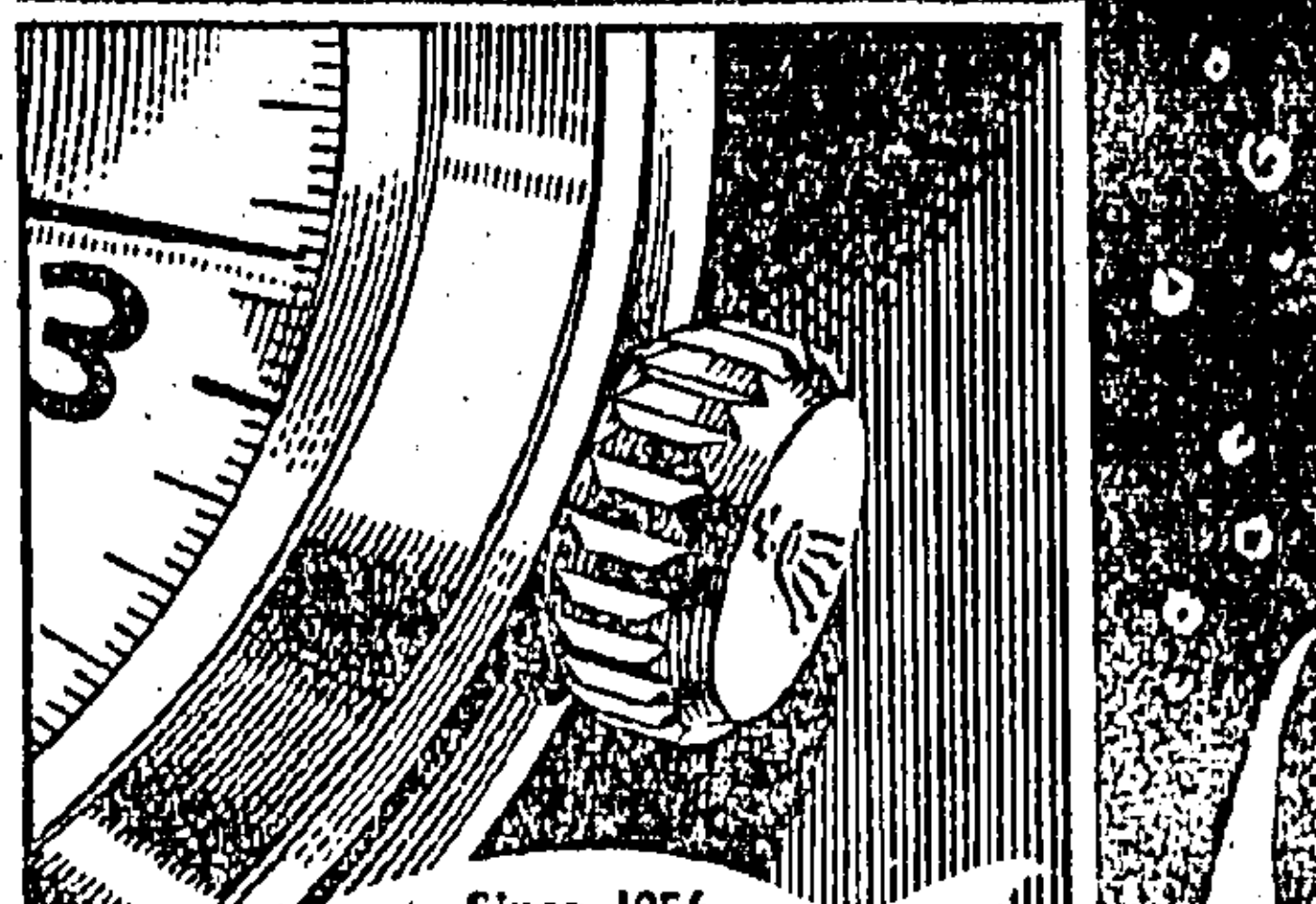
He smiled and said: "You have, you look 80 years younger than you did last week."

Slowly Mrs McArdle began to plan her future. "I want to go to the seaside and I want to see my grandchildren. I have four of them from six to 15—and I've never seen one."

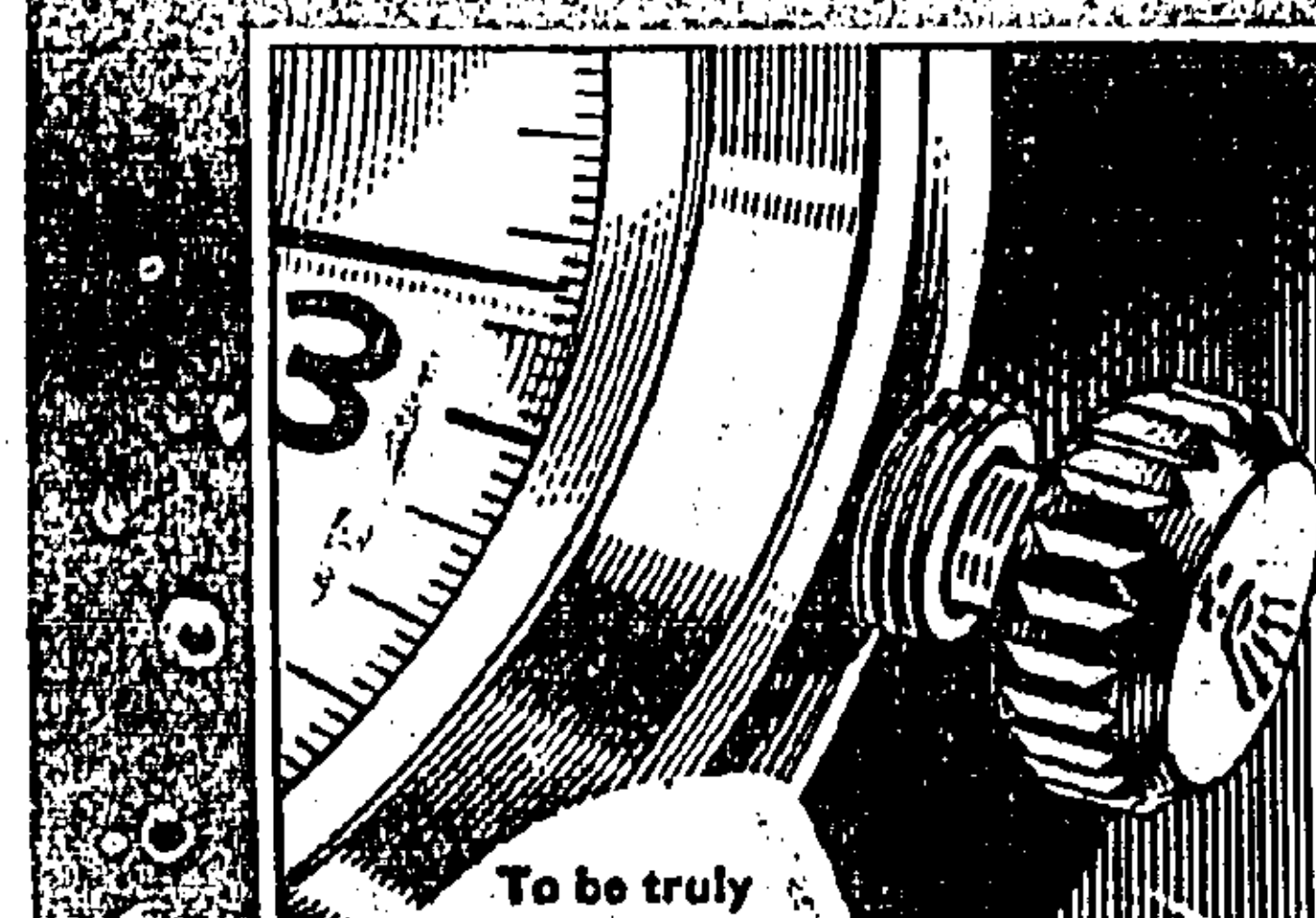
"And I want to make some changes here. I don't like that ugly wallpaper. We'll have a new one."

27 fathoms down

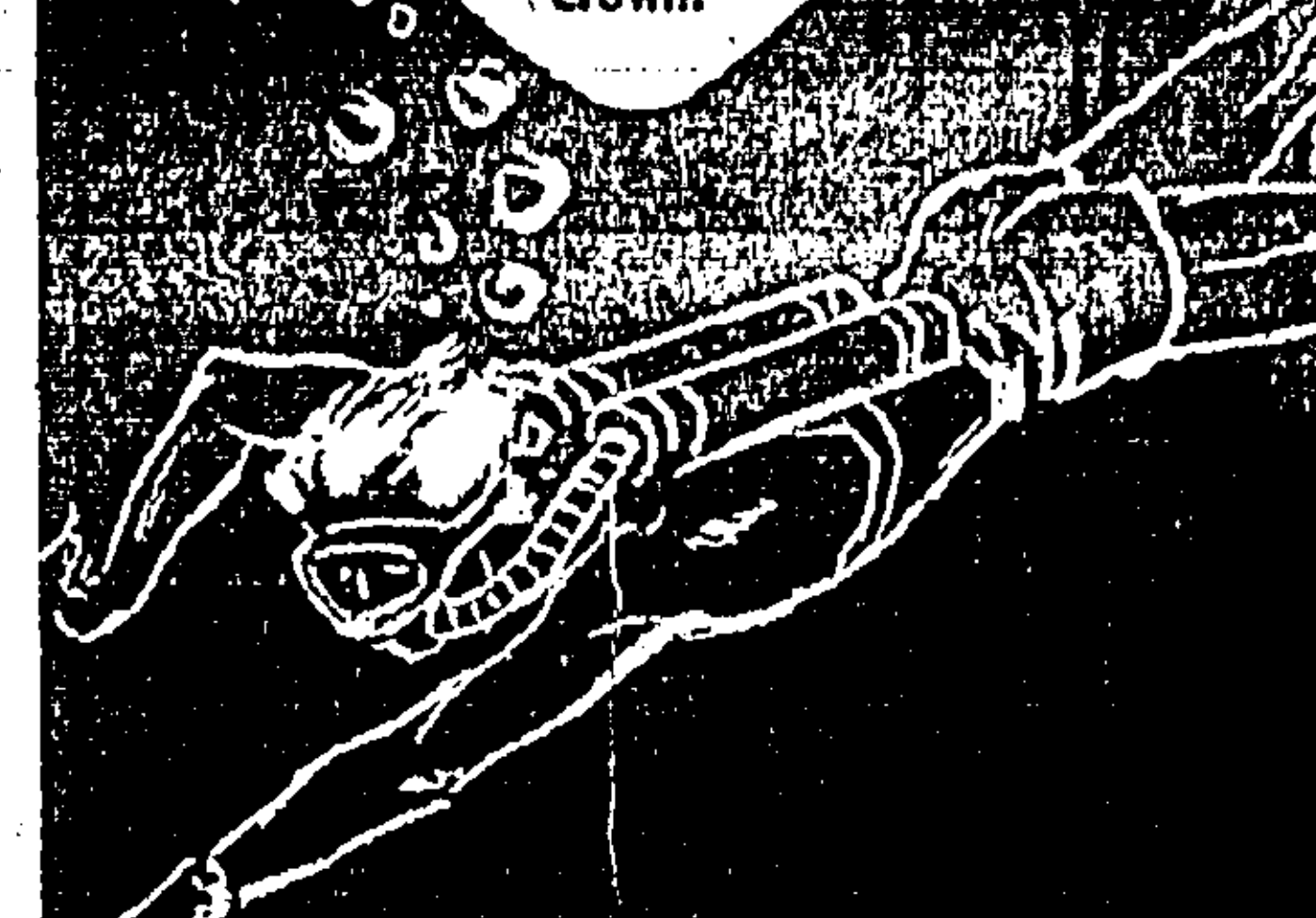
—and ROLEX Oyster still runs accurately as ever.



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Caption

Section

Entrant's declaration: This photograph (these photographs) is (are) my own work and was (were) taken in Hongkong in (year) (month)

SIGNED

This entry form should be either pasted in the top left-hand corner on the back of every photograph submitted or attached with a paper clip.

HOMESIDE PICTORIAL



Home to their wives and children—two Britons acquitted by a Cairo court of spy charges. Above—John Stanley lost all personal possessions, goes off with his wife for a rest. BELOW: Charles Pittuck lost job. Ambition now . . . "a restaurant with bacon and eggs in it, and then Wimbledon." (Express)

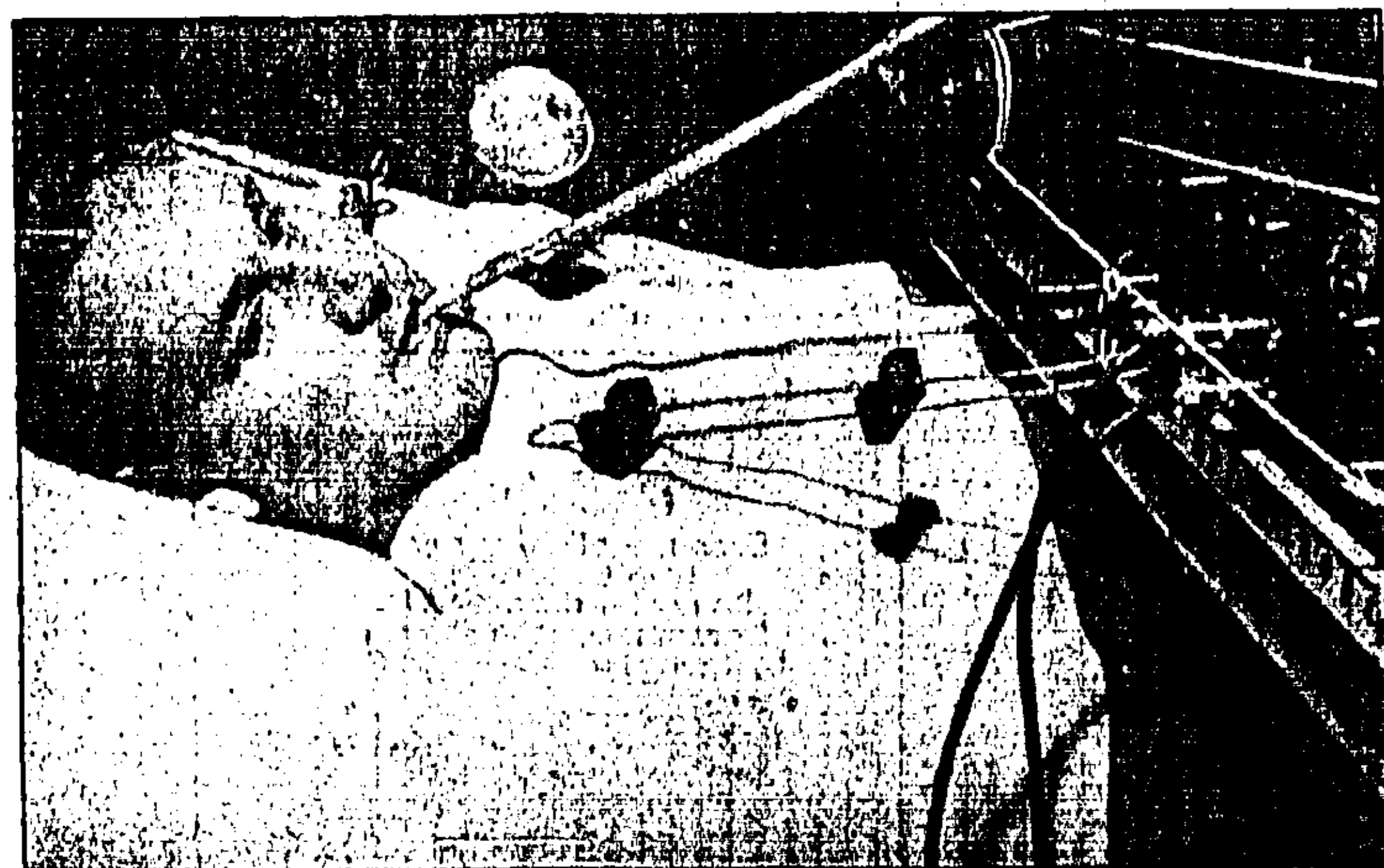


LEFT: Dr Kwame Nkrumah, most cheered Prime Minister of the Commonwealth Conference, arrives at 10 Downing Street, home of the Prime Minister Harold Macmillan, for the opening of the British Commonwealth Prime Ministers' Conference. (Express)



BELOW: Although Paul Bates (23) of Itchingfield can move only his head and two fingers of one hand, he is a fully qualified "ham" (amateur radio operator) running his own station from his bed.

For nearly three years he has been in bed, victim of polio caught while with the British Army in Malaya. A machine helps him to breathe. But with a stick in his tooth he brings the world to his bedside and chats to unseen friends. Call-sign . . . "George Thrac Mike Able Charlie." (Express)

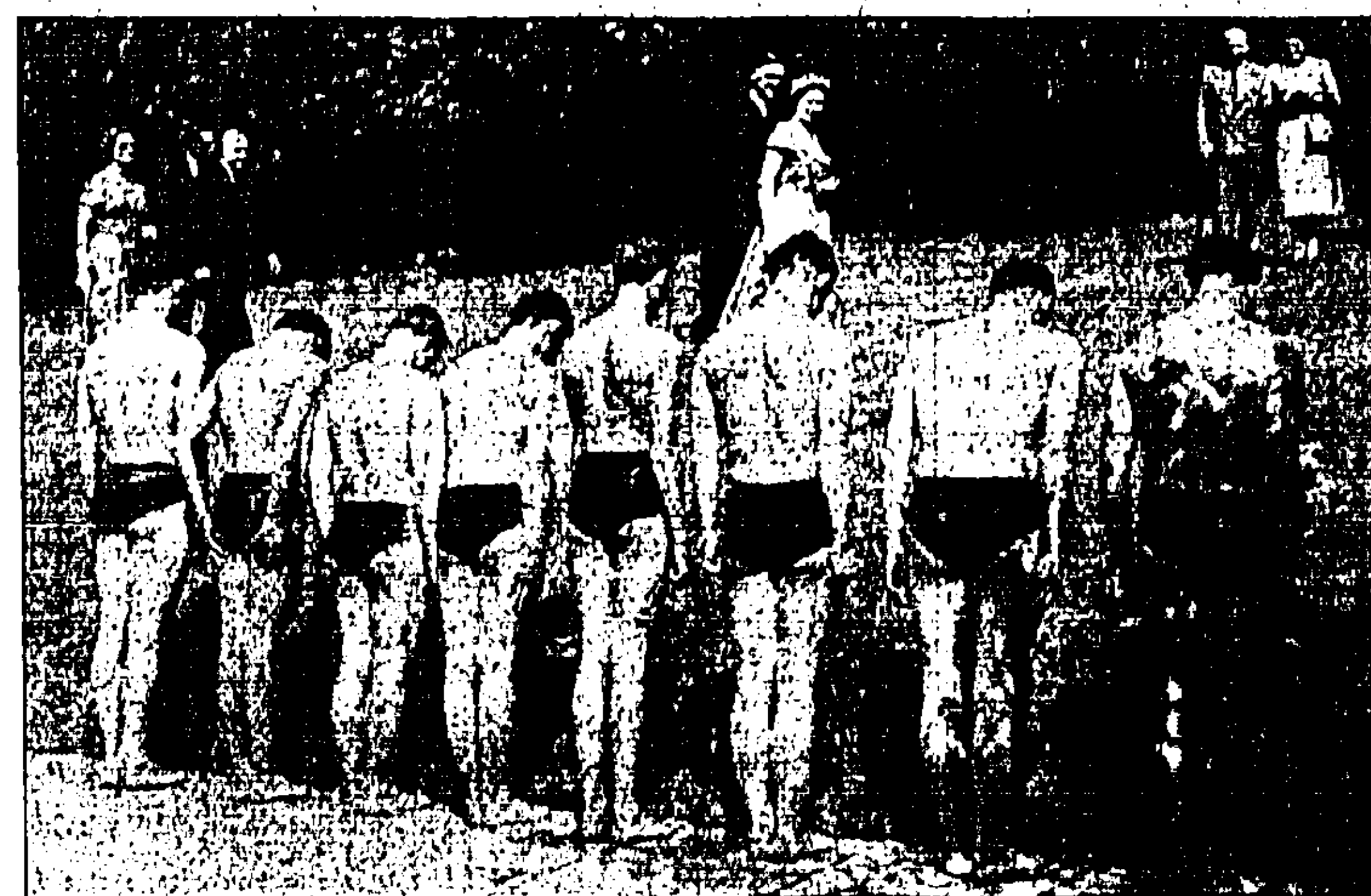


ABOVE: Royal Premiero—Duchess of Kent meets Kata Roosevelt. (Express)

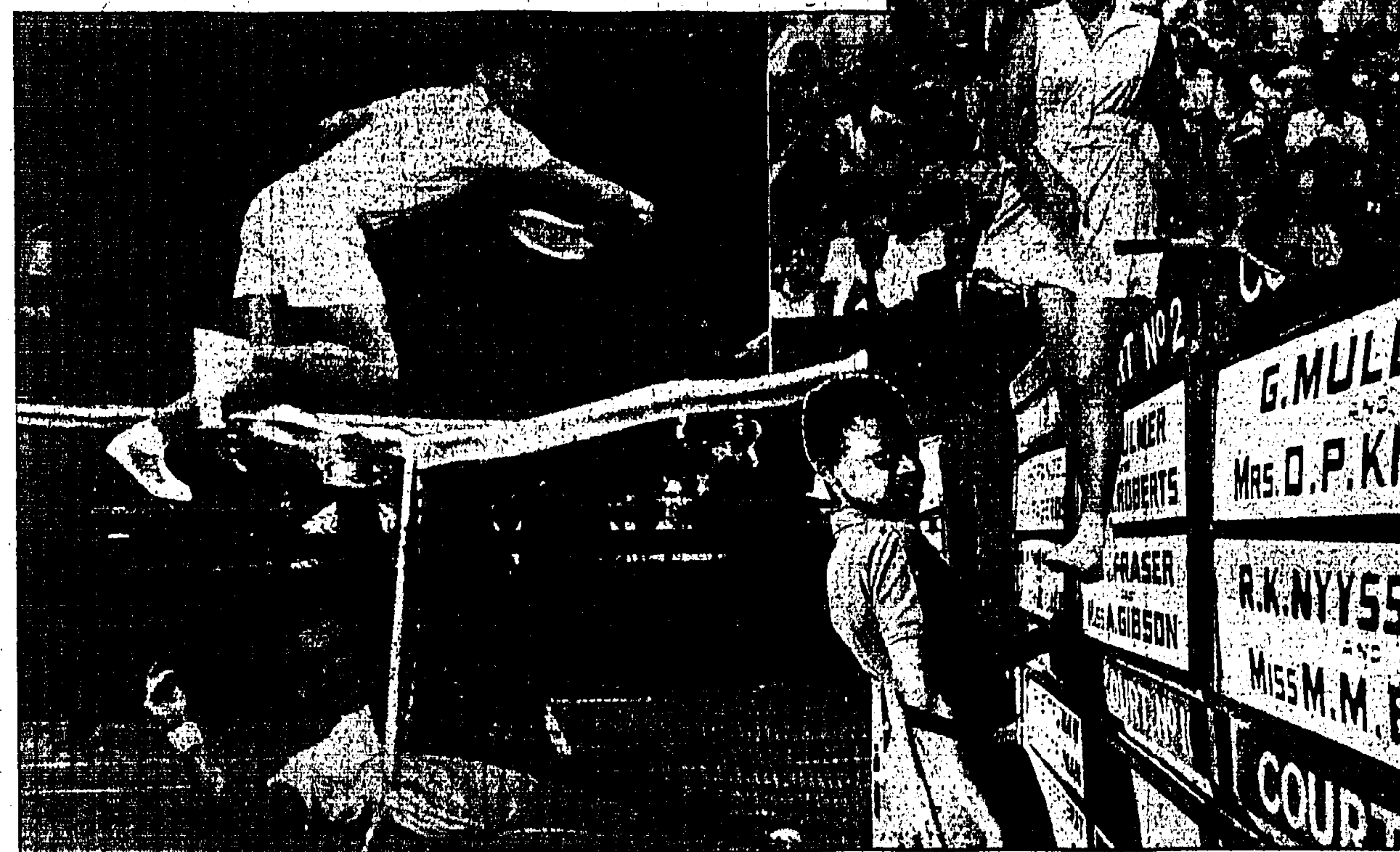
LEFT: Princess Margaret and Colonel Gerald Leigh, of the Household Cavalry, take the floor at the Dockland Settlement's Ball. (Express)

RIGHT: The Queen meets Pt. Johns of Sierra Leone at the Royal School of Music cantenary. (Army News).

BELOW: Swimmer's homage, when Queen Elizabeth visited Mill Hill. (Express)

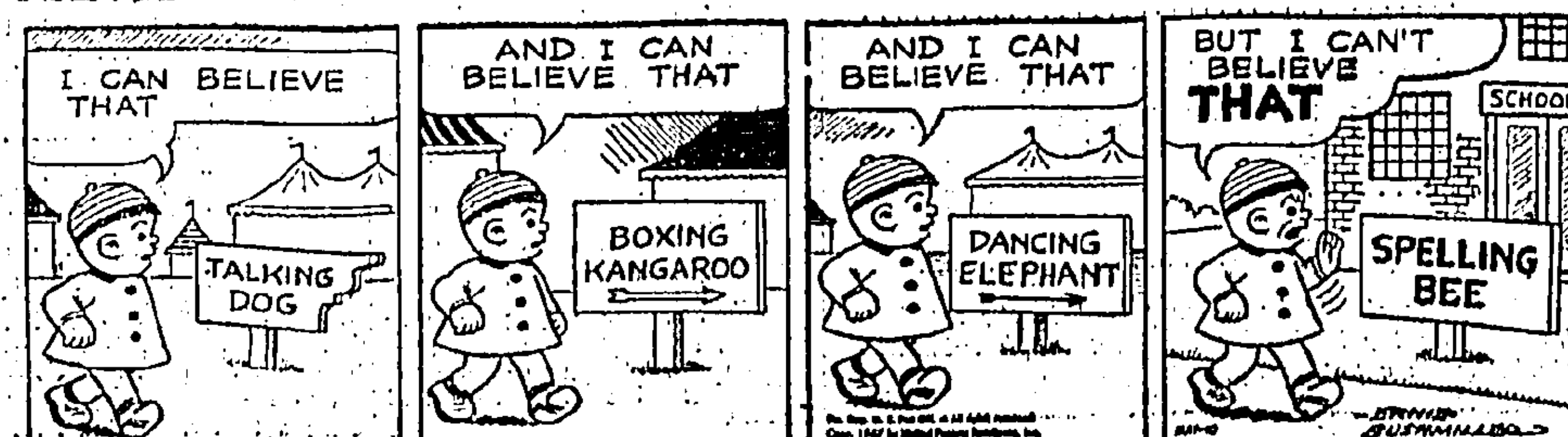


AT WIMBLEDON . . . Sweden's Sven Davidson knocked Vic Seixas into the net and the US out of the men's semi-finals for the first time in 30 years . . . 16-year-old Christine Truman (snapped at "Game Point") brought England into the women's semi-finals . . . and a young coloured ball boy had his ambition. He was transferred from No. 7 to Centre Court to fetch when Althea Gibson became the first ever Negro Wimbledon winner. (Express)



NANCY

By Ernie Bushmiller





HUMAN AND NAVAL—Ladies were dressed "overall" when the United States and Philippines celebrated the anniversaries of their separate emigrations from the Colonial state. **LADIES IN LACE**—Lady Grantham and Mrs Eduardo Rosal at the Repulse Bay Hotel. **TRIANGULAR QUESTION**—at 507 Barker Road where Mr and Mrs T. Dillon acted hosts for the U.S. Consul-General. **RIGHT**: USS Yorktown and HMS Newcastle fired simultaneous 21-gun salutes at noon.

BELOW: Wedding Joseph Cheng and Mary Chien. (Staff Photographers)



ABOVE: Dr Joseph Foo and Luisa Chua at St Margaret's. **BELOW**: Farewell after 29 years on the China Coast—Capt J. W. Evans (left) of the China Navigation Co.



ABOVE: At Rosary Church, A. L. Castillo—Lydia Xavier. **LEFT**: Seeing double—identical hostesses greeted at Kai Tak when Swissair opened a new weekly service to Zurich. **BELOW**: Leaving—Col. Forest Rittgers (r) with Col. C. Smee who replaces him as US Army attache. (Staff Photographers)



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Nepal's General Toran Shumsher Jang Bahadur Rana arrives as guest of Lt.-General Bastyan to inspect Gurkha troops in Hongkong. Greeted at Kai Tak by Guard of Honour and Drums and Pipes of the 6th Gurkha Rifles.

LEFT: Demonstration of "what to do when you loose a wheel" at the Triangular Cycling Competition at Caroline Hill. (Staff Photographers)



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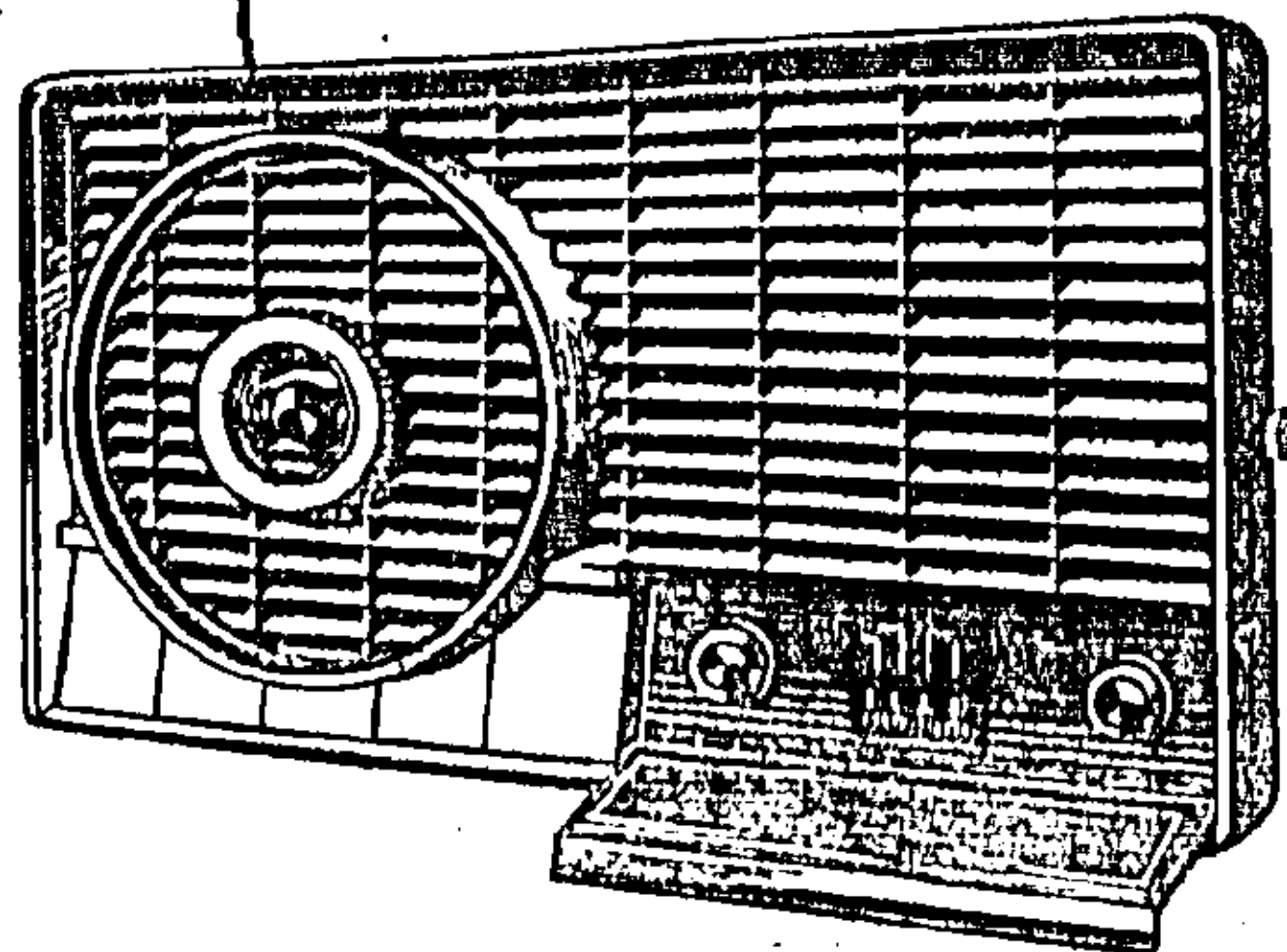
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- 2 H.P.

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PRACTICAL HOMECRAFT

LACE DOILY

MATERIALS: Coats Chain Mercer-Crochet No. 20 (20 grm.), 2 balls selected colour. 1 set Millwards "Phantom" Knitting Needles No. 13. Millwards steel crochet hook No. 3.

MEASUREMENTS: 14 in. (35.5 cm.) in diameter.

ABBREVIATIONS: K—knit; P—purl; yfd—yarn forward; tog—together; sl—slip; pss—pass slip stitch over; st—stitch; dc—double crochet; ss—slip stitch.

DIRECTIONS

Cast on 6 sts on 3 needles and join.

1st Row: K.

2nd Row: * Yfd, K1; repeat from * 5 times more.

3rd Row: K.

4th Row: * Yfd, K1; repeat from * to end of row.

5th Row: K.

6th Row: * Yfd, K2; repeat from * to end of row.

7th Row: K1, * P1, K2; repeat from * ending with P1, K1.

8th Row: * Yfd, K3; repeat from * to end of row.

9th Row: K2, * P1, K3; repeat from * ending with P1, K1.

10th Row: * Yfd, K4; repeat from * to end of row.

11th Row: K1, * P1, K1, P1, K2; repeat from * ending with (P1, K1) twice.

12th Row: * Yfd, K5; repeat from * to end of row.

13th Row: K2, * P1, K1, P1, K3; repeat from * ending with (P1, K1) twice.

14th Row: * Yfd, K6; repeat from * to end of row.

15th Row: K1, * (P1, K1) 3 times, K1; repeat from * ending with (P1, K1) 3 times.

16th Row: * Yfd, K7; repeat from * to end of row.

17th Row: K2, * (P1, K1) twice, P1, K3; repeat from * ending with (P1, K1) 3 times.

18th Row: * Yfd, K8; repeat from * to end of row.

19th Row: (K1, P1) 4 times, * K2, (P1, K1) 3 times, P1; repeat from * ending with K2, (P1, K1) 4 times.

20th Row: * Yfd, K9; repeat from * to end of row.

21st Row: * K2, (P1, K1) 4 times; repeat from * to end of row.

22nd Row: * Yfd, K10; repeat from * to end of row.

23rd Row: * K1, (P1, K1) 5 times; repeat from * to end of row.

24th Row: * Yfd, K11; repeat from * to end of row.

25th Row: * K2, (P1, K1) 5 times; repeat from * to end of row.

26th Row: * Yfd, K12; repeat from * to end of row.

27th Row: * K1, (P1, K1) 6 times; repeat from * to end of row.

28th Row: * Yfd, K13; repeat from * to end of row.

29th Row: * K2, (P1, K1) 6 times; repeat from * to end of row.

30th Row: * Yfd, K14; repeat from * to end of row.

31st Row: * K1, (P1, K1) 7 times; repeat from * to end of row.

32nd Row: * Yfd, K15; repeat from * to end of row.

33rd Row: * K2, (P1, K1) 7 times; repeat from * to end of row.

34th Row: * Yfd, K1, yfd, K3, sl, K2tog, pss, K6; repeat from * to end of row.

35th Row: * K4, (P1, K1) 6 times; repeat from * to end of row.

36th Row: * Yfd, K3, yfd, K5, sl, K2tog, pss, K5; repeat from * to end of row.

37th Row: * K8, (P1, K1) 5 times; repeat from * to end of row.

38th Row: * Yfd, K5, yfd, K4, sl, K2tog, pss, K4; repeat from * to end of row.

39th Row: * K8, (P1, K1) 4 times; repeat from * to end of row.

40th Row: * Yfd, K7, yfd, K3, sl, K2tog, pss, K3; repeat from * to end of row.

41st Row: * K10, (P1, K1) 3 times; repeat from * to end of row.

42nd Row: * Yfd, K9, yfd, K2, sl, K2tog, pss, K2; repeat from * to end of row.

43rd Row: * K12, (P1, K1) twice; repeat from * to end of row.

44th Row: * Yfd, K11, yfd, K1, sl, K2tog, pss, K1; repeat from * to end of row.

45th Row: K14, P1, * K15, P1; repeat from * ending with K1.

46th Row: * Yfd, K13, yfd, sl, K2tog, pss; repeat from * to end of row.

47th Row: K.

48th Row: * Yfd, K15, yfd, K1; repeat from * to end of row.

49th Row: K3, * yfd, sl, K1, pss, K16; repeat from * ending with K3.

50th and all even Rows: K.

51st Row: K3, * yfd, K1, yfd, K17; repeat from * ending with K3.

52nd Row: K3, * K2tog, yfd, K3, yfd, sl, K1, pss, K13; repeat from * ending with K3.

53rd Row: K3, * K2tog, yfd, K3, yfd, sl, K1, pss, K13; repeat from * ending with K3.

54th Row: K7, * yfd, K1, yfd, sl, K2tog, pss, K1, yfd, K15; repeat from * ending with K3.

55th Row: K7, * yfd, K1, yfd, sl, K2tog, pss, K1, yfd, K15; repeat from * ending with K3.

56th Row: K7, * yfd, K1, yfd, sl, K2tog, pss, K1, yfd, K15; repeat from * ending with K3.

57th Row: K7, * yfd, K1, yfd, sl, K2tog, pss, K1, yfd, K15; repeat from * ending with K3.

58th Row: K7, * yfd, K1, yfd, sl, K2tog, pss, K1, yfd, K15; repeat from * ending with K3.

59th Row: K7, * yfd, K1, yfd, sl, K2tog, pss, K1, yfd, K15; repeat from * ending with K3.

60th Row: K7, * yfd, K1, yfd, sl, K2tog, pss, K1, yfd, K15; repeat from * ending with K3.

61st Row: K7, * yfd, K1, yfd, sl, K2tog, pss, K1, yfd, K15; repeat from * ending with K3.

62nd Row: K7, * yfd, K1, yfd, sl, K2tog, pss, K1, yfd, K15; repeat from * ending with K3.

63rd Row: K7, * yfd, K1, yfd, sl, K2tog, pss, K1, yfd, K15; repeat from * ending with K3.

64th Row: K7, * yfd, K1, yfd, sl, K2tog, pss, K1, yfd, K15; repeat from * ending with K3.

65th Row: K7, * yfd, K1, yfd, sl, K2tog, pss, K1, yfd, K15; repeat from * ending with K3.

66th Row: K7, * yfd, K1, yfd, sl, K2tog, pss, K1, yfd, K15; repeat from * ending with K3.

67th Row: K7, * yfd, K1, yfd, sl, K2tog, pss, K1, yfd, K15; repeat from * ending with K3.

68th Row: K7, * yfd, K1, yfd, sl, K2tog, pss, K1, yfd, K15; repeat from * ending with K3.

69th Row: K7, * yfd, K1, yfd, sl, K2tog, pss, K1, yfd, K15; repeat from * ending with K3.

70th Row: K7, * yfd, K1, yfd, sl, K2tog, pss, K1, yfd, K15; repeat from * ending with K3.

71st Row: K7, * yfd, K1, yfd, sl, K2tog, pss, K1, yfd, K15; repeat from * ending with K3.

72nd Row: K7, * yfd, K1, yfd, sl, K2tog, pss, K1, yfd, K15; repeat from * ending with K3.

73rd Row: K7, * yfd, K1, yfd, sl, K2tog, pss, K1, yfd, K15; repeat from * ending with K3.

74th Row: K7, * yfd, K1, yfd, sl, K2tog, pss, K1, yfd, K15; repeat from * ending with K3.

75th Row: K7, * yfd, K1, yfd, sl, K2tog, pss, K1, yfd, K15; repeat from * ending with K3.

76th Row: K7, * yfd, K1, yfd, sl, K2tog, pss, K1, yfd, K15; repeat from * ending with K3.

77th Row: K7, * yfd, K1, yfd, sl, K2tog, pss, K1, yfd, K15; repeat from * ending with K3.

78th Row: K7, * yfd, K1, yfd, sl, K2tog, pss, K1, yfd, K15; repeat from * ending with K3.

79th Row: K7, * yfd, K1, yfd, sl, K2tog, pss, K1, yfd, K15; repeat from * ending with K3.

80th Row: K7, * yfd, K1, yfd, sl, K2tog, pss, K1, yfd, K15; repeat from * ending with K3.

81st Row: K7, * yfd, K1, yfd, sl, K2tog, pss, K1, yfd, K15; repeat from * ending with K3.

82nd Row: K7, * yfd, K1, yfd, sl, K2tog, pss, K1, yfd, K15; repeat from * ending with K3.

83rd Row: K7, * yfd, K1, yfd, sl, K2tog, pss, K1, yfd, K15; repeat from * ending with K3.

84th Row: K7, * yfd, K1, yfd, sl, K2tog, pss, K1, yfd, K15; repeat from * ending with K3.

85th Row: K7, * yfd, K1, yfd, sl, K2tog, pss, K1, yfd, K15; repeat from * ending with K3.

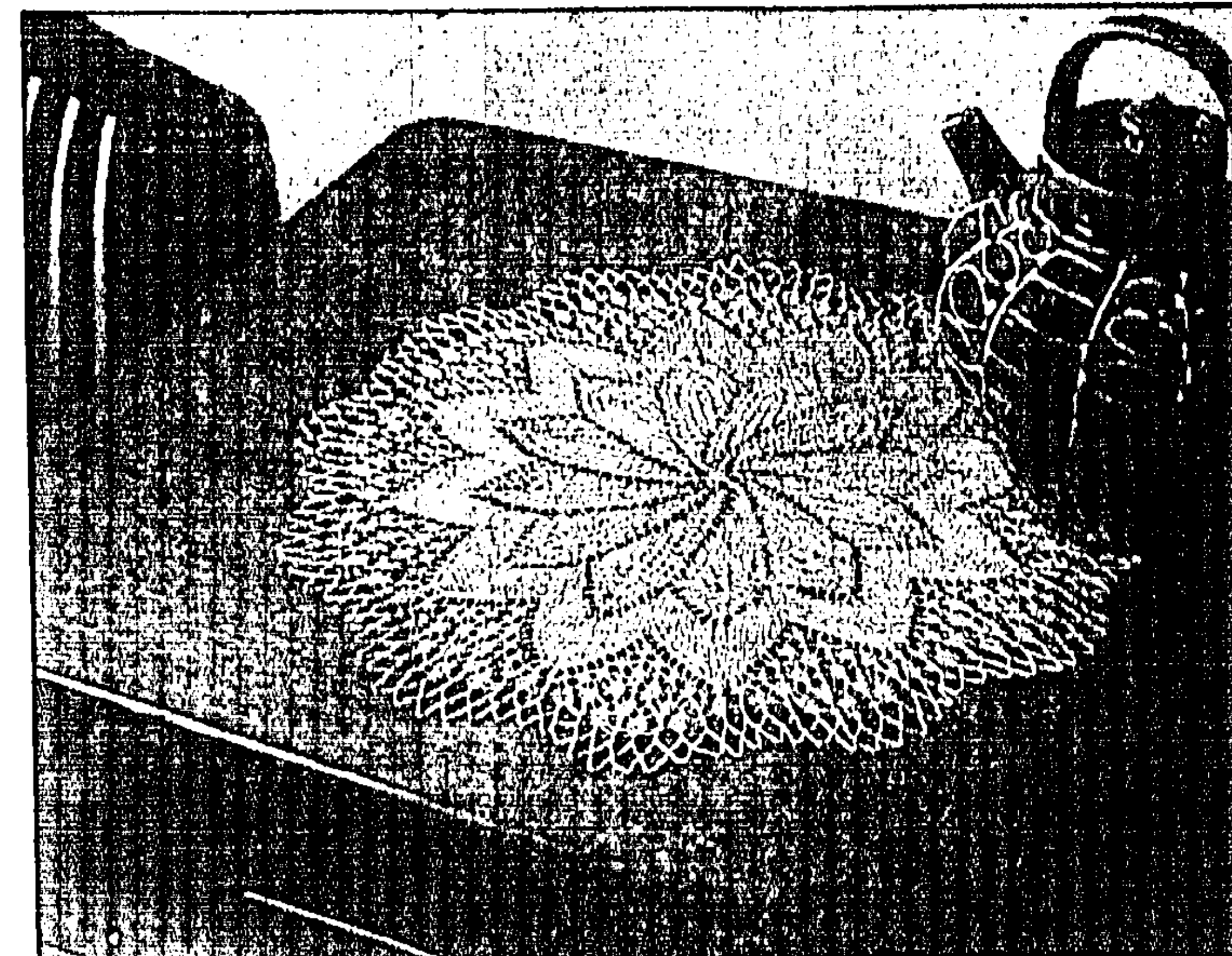
86th Row: K7, * yfd, K1, yfd, sl, K2tog, pss, K1, yfd, K15; repeat from * ending with K3.

87th Row: K7, * yfd, K1, yfd, sl, K2tog, pss, K1, yfd, K15; repeat from * ending with K3.

88th Row: K7, * yfd, K1, yfd, sl, K2tog, pss, K1, yfd, K15; repeat from * ending with K3.

89th Row: K7, * yfd, K1, yfd, sl, K2tog, pss, K1, yfd, K15; repeat from * ending with K3.

90th Row: K7, * yfd, K1, yfd, sl, K2tog, pss, K1, yfd, K15; repeat from * ending with K3.



37th Row: K3, * K2tog, yfd, K3, yfd, K1, yfd, K3, yfd, sl, K1, pss, K11; repeat from * ending with K3.

38th Row: K3, * K2tog, yfd, K3, yfd, K1, yfd, K3, yfd, sl, K1, pss, K11; repeat from * ending with K3.

39th Row: K3, * K2tog, yfd, K3, yfd, K1, yfd, K3, yfd, sl, K1, pss, K11; repeat from * ending with K3.

40th Row: K3, * K2tog, yfd, K3, yfd, K1, yfd, K3, yfd, sl, K1, pss, K11; repeat from * ending with K3.

41st Row: K3, * K2tog, yfd, K3, yfd, K1, yfd, K3, yfd, sl, K1, pss, K11; repeat from * ending with K3.

42nd Row: K3, * K2tog, yfd, K3, yfd, K1, yfd, K3, yfd, sl, K1, pss, K11; repeat from * ending with K3.

43rd Row: K3, * K2tog, yfd, K3, yfd, K1, yfd, K3, yfd, sl, K1, pss, K11; repeat from * ending with K3.

44th Row: K3, * K2tog, yfd, K3, yfd, K1, yfd, K3, yfd, sl, K1, pss, K11; repeat from * ending with K3.

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46th Row: K3, * K2tog, yfd, K3, yfd, K1, yfd, K3, yfd, sl, K1, pss, K11; repeat from * ending with K3.

47th Row: K3, * K2tog, yfd, K3, yfd, K1, yfd, K3, yfd, sl, K1, pss, K11; repeat from * ending with K3.

48th Row: K3, * K2tog, yfd, K3, yfd, K1, yfd, K3, yfd, sl, K1, pss, K11; repeat from * ending with K3.

49th Row: K3, * K2tog, yfd, K3, yfd, K1, yfd, K3, yfd, sl, K1, pss, K11; repeat from * ending with K3.

50th Row: K3, * K2tog, yfd, K3, yfd, K1, yfd, K3, yfd, sl, K1, pss, K11; repeat from * ending with K3.

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53rd Row: K3, * K2tog, yfd, K3, yfd, K1, yfd, K3, yfd, sl, K1, pss, K11; repeat from * ending with K3.

54th Row: K3, * K2tog, yfd, K3, yfd, K1, yfd, K3, yfd, sl, K1, pss, K11; repeat from * ending with K3.

55th Row: K3, * K2tog, yfd, K3, yfd, K1, yfd, K3, yfd, sl, K1, pss, K11; repeat from * ending with K3.

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57th Row: K3, * K2tog, yfd, K3, yfd, K1, yfd, K3, yfd, sl, K1, pss, K11; repeat from * ending with K3.

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66th Row: K3, * K2tog, yfd, K3, yfd, K1, yfd, K3, yfd, sl, K1, pss, K11; repeat from * ending with K3.

67th Row: K3, * K2tog, yfd, K3, yfd, K1, yfd, K3, yfd, sl, K1, pss, K11; repeat from * ending with K3.

68th Row: K3, * K2tog, yfd, K3, yfd, K1, yfd, K3, yfd, sl, K1, pss, K11; repeat from * ending with K3.

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71st Row: K3, * K2tog, yfd, K3, yfd, K1, yfd, K3, yfd, sl, K1, pss, K11; repeat from * ending with K3.

72nd Row: K3, * K2tog, yfd, K3, yfd, K1, yfd, K3, yfd, sl, K1, pss, K11; repeat from * ending with K3.

73rd Row: K3, * K2tog, yfd, K3, yfd, K1, yfd, K3, yfd, sl, K1, pss, K11; repeat from * ending with K3.

74th Row: K3, * K2tog, yfd, K3, yfd, K1, yfd, K3, yfd, sl, K1, pss, K11; repeat from * ending with K3.

75th Row: K3, * K2tog, yfd, K3, yfd, K1, yfd, K3, yfd, sl, K1, pss, K11; repeat from * ending with K3.

76th Row: K3, * K2tog, yfd, K3, yfd, K1, yfd, K3, yfd, sl, K1, pss, K11; repeat from * ending with K3.

77th Row: K3, * K2tog, yfd, K3, yfd, K1, yfd, K3, yfd, sl, K1, pss, K11; repeat from * ending with K3.

78th Row: K3, * K2tog, yfd, K3, yfd, K1, yfd, K3, yfd, sl, K1, pss, K11; repeat from * ending with K3.

79th Row: K3, * K2tog, yfd, K3, yfd, K1, yfd, K3, yfd, sl, K1, pss, K11; repeat from * ending with K3.

80th Row: K3, * K2tog, yfd, K3, yfd, K1, yfd, K3, yfd, sl, K1, pss, K11; repeat from * ending with K3.

81st Row: K3, * K2tog, yfd, K3, yfd, K1, yfd, K3, yfd, sl, K1, pss, K11; repeat from * ending with K3.

82nd Row: K3, * K2tog, yfd, K3, yfd, K1, yfd, K3, yfd, sl, K1, pss, K11; repeat from * ending with K3.

83rd Row: K3, * K2tog, yfd, K3, yfd, K1, yfd, K3, yfd, sl, K1, pss, K11; repeat from * ending with K3.

84th Row: K3, * K2tog, yfd, K3, yfd, K1, yfd, K3, yfd, sl, K1, pss, K11; repeat from * ending with K3.

85th Row: K3, * K2tog, yfd, K3, yfd, K1, yfd, K3, yfd, sl, K1, pss, K11; repeat from * ending with K3.

A BATH IS NOT ENOUGH

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Remember.... Mum keeps you nice to be near!"

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MUM

With M-3

YOUR UNDERARM
DEODORANT



A WEEK OF GRADUATIONS

It was a week of ceremonies . . . graduations, prizes, and speeches; visits of important people, and shows to impress parents. At Universities, Middle Schools, and Prep Schools by the dozen pupils gathered in clothes that ran from party best to gown and motor board to sing school

Mr William Graham and wife Marjorie, Texas Oil family, bring their six children on a tour for "world education."
(Staff Photographer)

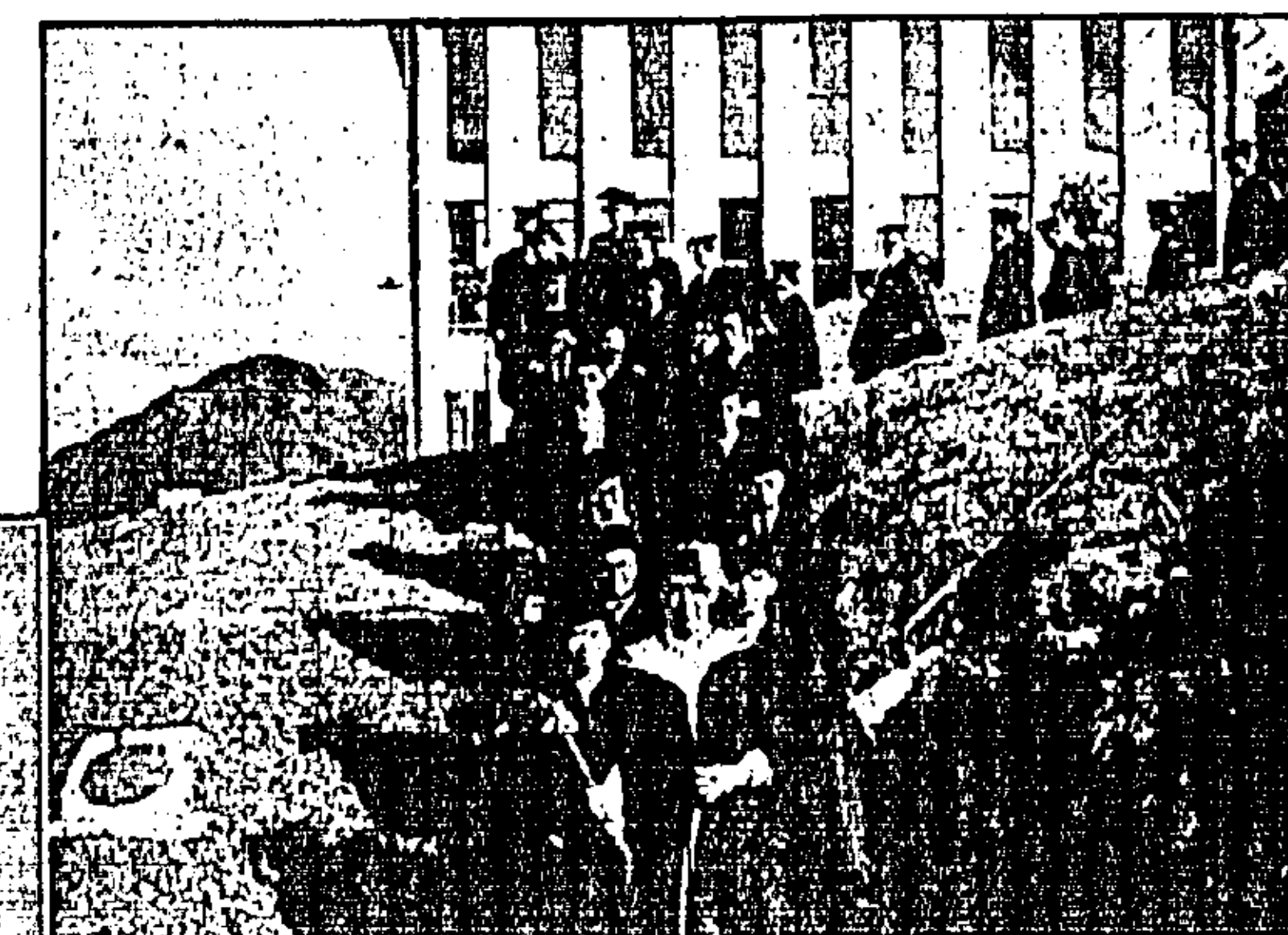
hymns. And to reward the successful ones (see that small fellow in the centre) certificates by the arm full.
(Staff Photographers)



HKAA farewell to Bob and (Club Sec.) Diana Pope.
BELOW: Chung Chi College graduates in procession.



Triple farewell . . . the Rev. Jimmy Froud (speaking) and Bishop R. O. Hall say goodbye to the K. C. Yeos, J. K. Wilsons, and the Forest Rittgers.
LEFT: To see or not to see? This party of the Australian Presbyterian Church decided to see. After a fortnight in China they reported "impression of Freedom"
(Staff Photographer)



Miss Pauline Fuller is seen at the opening of her art exhibition in the British Council Reading Room—"Designs for stained glass windows."
LEFT and BELOW: Threefold qualifications for joining the "Venture for Victory Basketball Team" on a world tour to show "How it is done in basketball" are 1. Keen Christian; 2. Good player; 3. Must sing or play a musical instrument.
(Staff Photographers)



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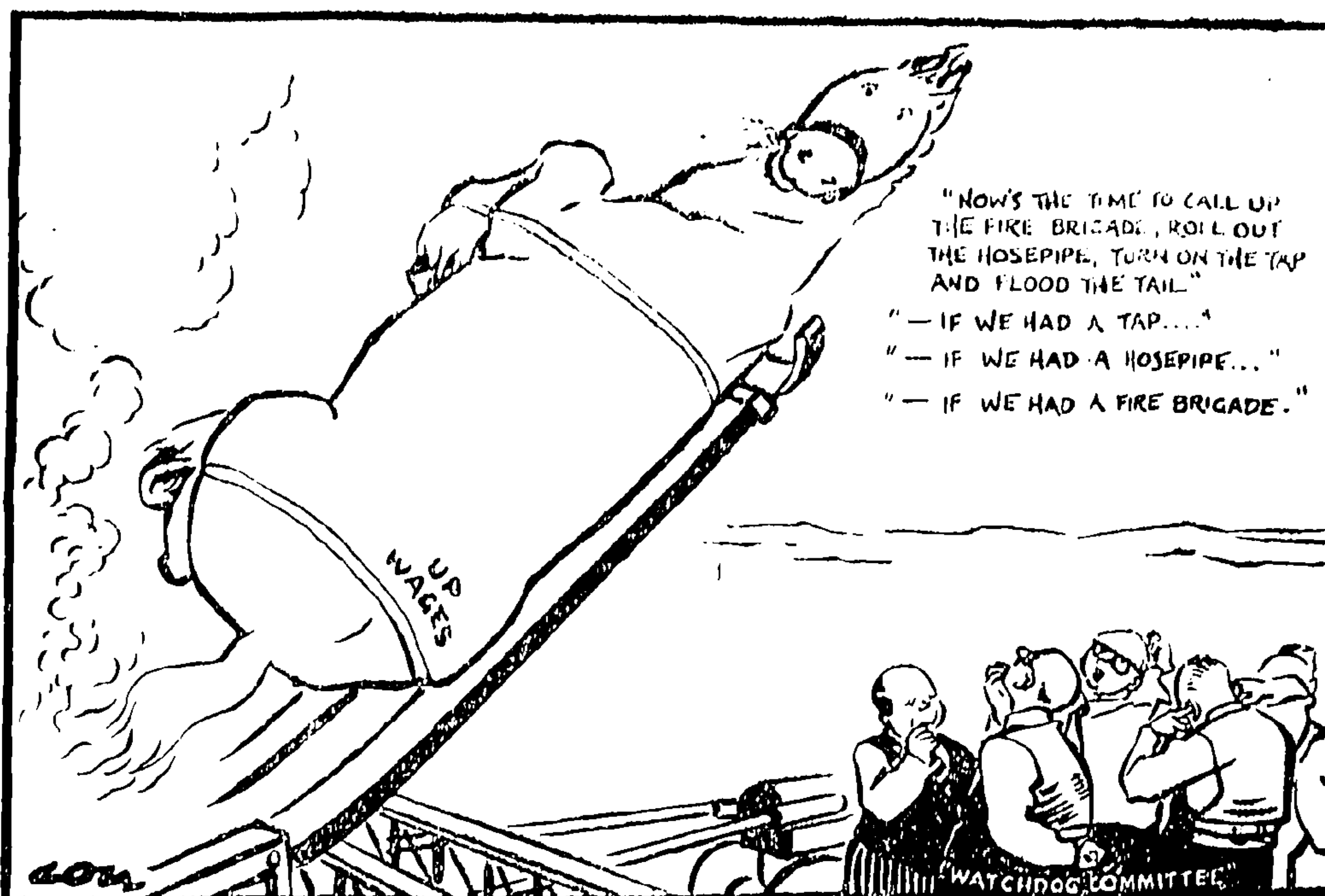
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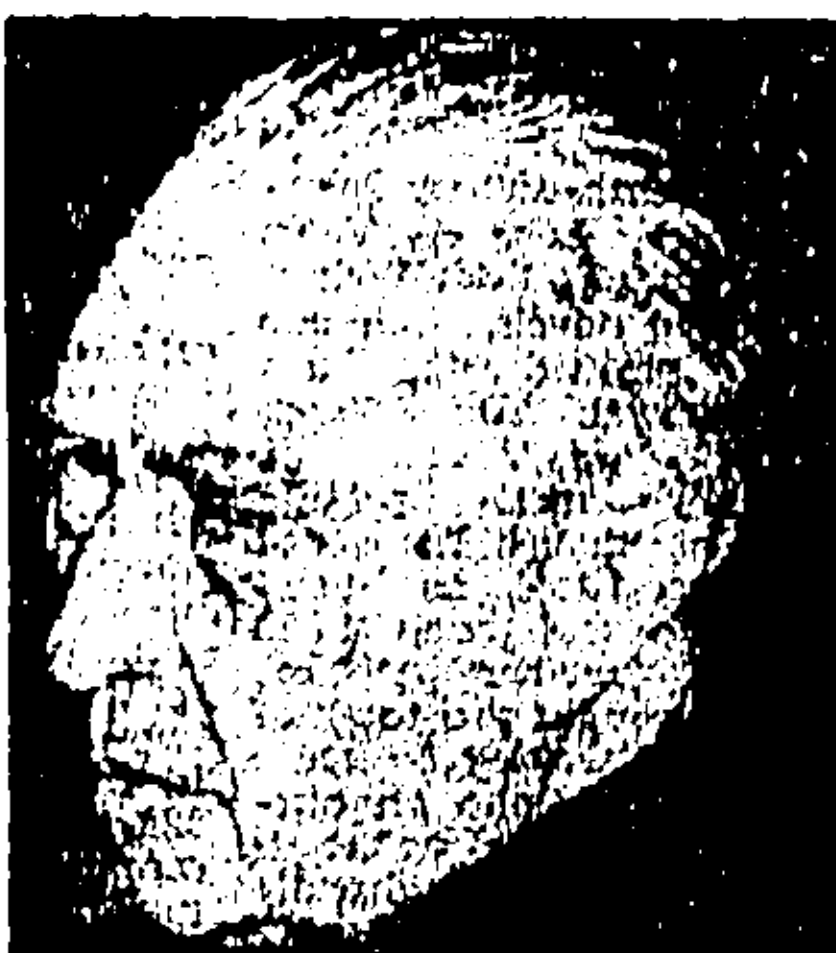


UNGUIDED MISSILE

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THE COLD WAR PROFITEER

I AM AMAZED BY THIS WHITEHALL WORSHIP OF HIM



CHANCELLOR ADENAUER

IS it really such a vital interest of ours that Dr Conrad Adenauer should be elected to a triumphant third term as Chancellor in this autumn's German elections?

Has Britain such a stake in this shrewd old Rhinish patriarch's continuing in power that it justifies Mr Harold Macmillan helping him in his election campaign, even at the cost of blocking promising peace talks with the Russians?

Was it really necessary for the Prime Minister in his letter to Bulganin to insist on procedures for the reunification of Germany which are grist to Adenauer but rejected by the German opposition parties and impossible for the Russians to accept?

My answer is no, no, and again no.

Frankly I have always had misgivings about Whitehall's worship of the Adenauer fetish. I have been critical of their astonishing devotion and faith in this fawning politician who:

1 HAS brought back into power and influence in Germany—even into the innermost circle of his advisers—men who subscribed enthusiastically to Hitler's ruthless ambitions;

2 HAS exploited the cold war for Germany and does not want to see it end before she has regained what she lost;

3 HAS by skilful yes-manish manoeuvring Germany to replace France as America's number one ally on the Continent and now wants to supplant Britain.

Only way

BUT from what I have seen and learned on this visit I am now paying to Germany I feel that the only way of averting disaster is to subject our policy on Germany's Nato membership and Soviet proposals of mutual withdrawal to re-appraisal, as thorough as that which is causing us to withdraw substantial numbers of our troops from here.

As it is, I find that Whitehall's commitment to the Adenauer line is exposing us to the most appalling pitfalls.

Not that I have found any of our officials going to the lengths of the Americans in helping Adenauer.

John Foster Dulles, the U.S. State Secretary, who at the last election came out with a public announcement that defeat of Adenauer would mean a victory

by SEFTON DELMER

Communism, but the Chancellor's message promising him all possible help. And but despite the fact that Dulles is bitter about what he believes to be short-sighted German obstruction to the long-term accord reached in secret talks between the Americans and the Russians in London.

Support

AMERICAN Nato forces in Germany are taking a hand as well. They supply loudspeakers and radio cars for Adenauer's big meeting at Bonnberg on June 2. A whole contingent of American V.I.P.s, colonels, generals, and political high-ups, turned up, and lent their support to the Chancellor by sitting on his platform.

The German Socialist opposition accuse our ambassador, Sir Christopher Steel, of "indirect" propaganda for Adenauer. For Sir Christopher, far and away the ablest and most active diplomat we have had in Germany since the war, has taken to going around Germany expounding British policy to students, industrialists, and newspaper men.

And this British policy, of course, on such controversial election issues as Germany's membership of Nato, is the Adenauer policy.

Should Sir Christopher be told to pipe down and stop his lectures until the elections are over?

I think so. It would be courteous and it would be wise. For these German Socialists represent an important element in Germany. They may well come to power and with them their ideas and their policies.

These ideas, I suggest, deserve to be listened to with an open mind, not only by Mr Macmillan but by Messrs. Hugh Gaithe and Nye Bevan as well.

For—let me say it at once—these German Socialists, unlike our own, strike me as most hard-headed, realistic men.

They have no intention of upsetting Germany's prosperous and expanding industries by expropriating and nationalising them. They do not mean to turn them into inefficient,

bureaucrat-run State concerns for the sake of Karl Marx.

Nor do they intend in strict foreign policy, to insist on strict doctrinaire adherence to conditions which they know there is no chance of the other side accepting.

Erich Ollenhauer, 56-year-old Premier designate of the Socialist Shadow Cabinet, expounded their case to me. He is a man I have known since early in 1941, when I first met him in Lisbon, where he was working against Hitler.

Ollenhauer, an energetic and friendly roly-poly, was quite frank about his party's unorthodox refutation of nationalisation.

"The last 20 years have taught us a lot," he said twinkling with amused self-criticism from behind thick black-rimmed spectacles.

"State ownership of industry is a cumbersome, out-of-date system which we have found makes for inefficiency. Our programme and our ideal is a marriage of private enterprise, private initiative, and private ownership in industry with public control.

"We are, of course, anxious to avoid monopolies of industrial power and its abuse."

Safeguards

IN foreign policy Herr Ollenhauer's most interesting proposal is that the Western Powers should tell the Russians they are ready to discuss German withdrawal from Nato.

"We should be prepared to say that we will discuss Germany's withdrawal as a concession if they are prepared to make equivalent Soviet concessions in return," said Herr Ollenhauer.

It is no good insisting on free elections in the Soviet zone as an indispensable preliminary condition—as Adenauer does and as Macmillan demands in his letter to Bulganin.

The Russians are never going to run the risk of Soviet zone with its 10,000,000

A STARTLING DISCLOSURE

Abortion

ON what grounds is the sacrifice of an unborn baby justified? Leading British doctors are split on this question which has now become significant. For at one leading London hospital more than one-third of all the operations in which the lives of unborn babies are sacrificed the grounds are PURELY PSYCHIATRIC. The mothers, some of whom are unmarried, are not suffering from any PHYSICAL defect, such as a weak heart which would make it dangerous for them to be subjected to the strain of childbirth.

It is simply this, psychiatrists are saying, that if the pregnancies were allowed to run their natural course the mental health of the mothers might be seriously disturbed.

The extent of this practice, revealed by Professor William Nixon, of University College Hospital at a recent medical meeting in London has shocked many doctors.

Said Professor Nixon: "From 1938 to the end of 1956 there were 509 cases of termination of pregnancy at University College Obstetric Hospital, London, and of these 198 (40%) were for psychiatric indications."

In argument which follows has now been made public in a detailed medical report. It reveals a deep division of opinion among eminent medical men.

Good faith

PROFESSOR NIXON said it was clear that in his hospital every decision to terminate pregnancy on psychiatric grounds is taken in good faith.

A reputable psychiatrist must fear that the mental disturbance of the mother could be so severe that she might even commit suicide if the pregnancy continues.

"I fail to see how any gynaecologist can question the opinion of a reputable psychiatrist," he told the meeting.

His disclosure of the high proportion of "psychiatric abortions" in a leading hospital raises the question of the extent to which they are being carried out by reputable doctors.

There are disturbing rumours of psychiatrists and gynaecologists working on a highly unethical "understanding."

The gynaecologist, who is approached by a woman wishing to end an unwanted pregnancy refers her to the psychiatrist.

There she is provided with a note stating that "termination is advisable on psychiatric grounds." This allows the gynaecologist to operate without fear of the law.

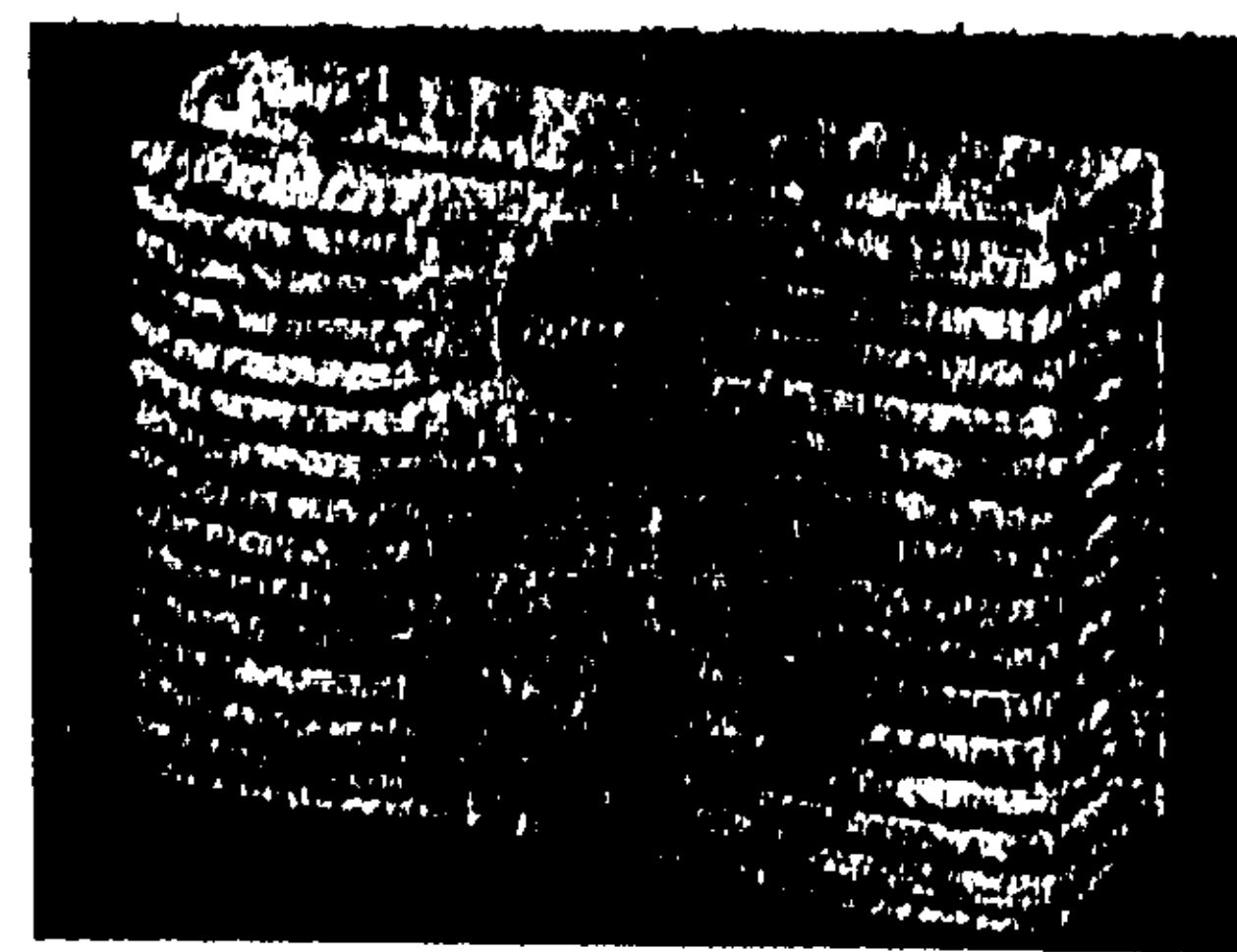
Whether this practice exists or not Professor Nixon seems to hint at it when he states: "I cannot deny that some psychiatrists have gained the reputation of 'abortion easy'."

Safety

DOCTORS of the highest standing questioned Professor Nixon's view that pregnancies should be terminated on the advice of psychiatrists.

Professor Edward Anderson, of Manchester University, was one. He gave the results of an inquiry into the subsequent fate of 11 women whose pregnancies were terminated after psychiatric examination.

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Dr. Adenauer shoots an arrow at the H-bomb

ADENAUER. THE AUTHORISED BIOGRAPHY. By Paul Weymar. Edited and translated by Peter de Mandelstam. Andre Deutsch. 30s.

WRITING the life of a politician is a tricky business. We want to know what he is like as a man — his character, his family, his upbringing, how he got to the top. But we also want to know his policies, what he did when arrived at power. The individual gets submerged unless his biographer is very careful; and we find ourselves plodding through chunks of general history.

The author of Dr Adenauer's life has not avoided this danger. Indeed, he seems straight into it and seems to rejoice at the deluge. As a result he has produced the most unreadable biography of recent years. 500 pages of heavy dullness.

The first part is not so bad. It is the story of a worthy conservative German, loyally discharging his duty as Lord Mayor of Cologne. Pick out any conscientious lord mayor from any city in the world, and the story would be much the same. But in fact, the story is not the same. It is the story of a man who, in 1933, was brought back to power by Hitler. He was then, in 1933, the only German politician who was not a member of the German "resistance".

At the end of the war Adenauer was brought back to power by the British and then sacked by them for incompetence. In retrospect an absurd episode. So far we can understand the individual figure and keep up our interest with occasional flapping. But now we are really done for. Adenauer goes into politics, creates the Christian Democratic party, and in 1949 becomes Federal Chancellor.

by A. J. P. TAYLOR



From this moment we understand the meaning of the "resistance" in the title-page. This is Dr Adenauer's own narrative of all the twists and turns in the German

man's life. It is some 10 years ago that he was a member of the German "resistance". At the end of the war Adenauer was brought back to power by the British and then sacked by them for incompetence. In retrospect an absurd episode. So far we can understand the individual figure and keep up our interest with occasional flapping. But now we are really done for. Adenauer goes into politics, creates the Christian Democratic party, and in 1949 becomes Federal Chancellor.

All his own

From this moment we understand the meaning of the "resistance" in the title-page. This is Dr Adenauer's own narrative of all the twists and turns in the German



ADENAUER'S TARGET

THE BOOK PAGE

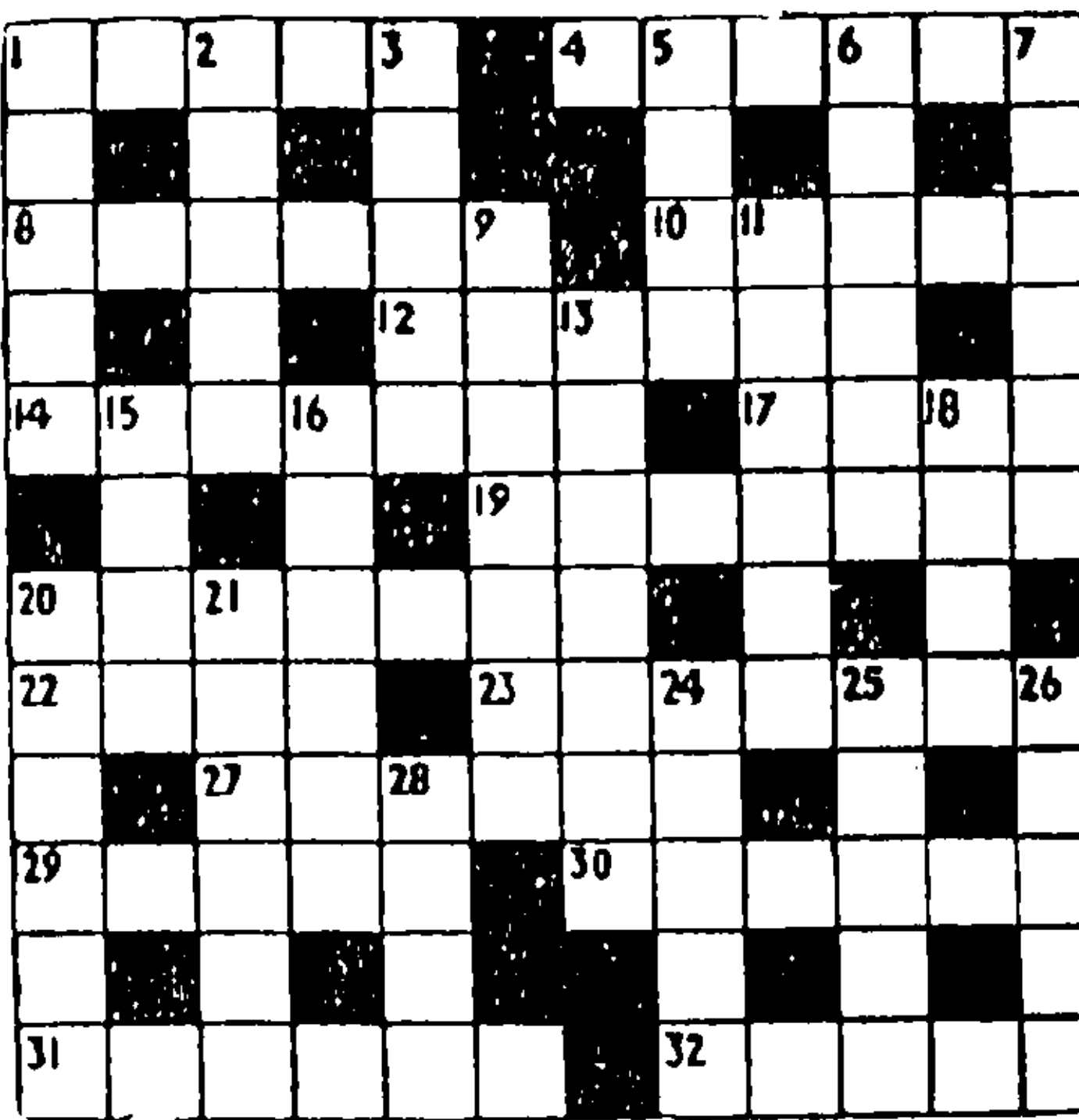
problem for the last eight years. Conversations, events, political manoeuvres, must have come from Dr Adenauer himself, unless of course the biographer made them up and then got Dr Adenauer to "authorise" them, which seems unlikely.

No doubt it all seems very important to Dr Adenauer. Otherwise he would not have gone on labouring at politics when over eighty. It must seem important to the other German politicians, if only because Dr Adenauer is keeping them out of the highest place. Perhaps even the German people have some interest in the story, though I doubt it. But for the rest of us, what does it matter? Do you and I care whether there is a European Defence Community or a German contingent in the armies of Western Union? Do

doubt have resisted this demand, the Americans would have sent some over, tossed what Dr Adenauer has been up to should have insisted on cross-bows.

(London Express Service)

A British Crossword Puzzle



ACROSS
1. Handle with care? (5)
2. Not on duty (4)
3. Tree in London (4)
4. Promising "it" (3)
5. Cut price? (4)
6. Firm (3)
7. Path of a broken heart? (4)
8. Religious book (7)
9. Mortar implements (7)
10. Get on one's hind legs? (4)
11. Take to task (7)
12. Sweet headquarters? (6)
13. Thick ice of lowest quality (5)
14. That one's weary way? (6)
15. Dog that can fix things? (6)
16. Stumped up (5)
17. No test-tube (5)
18. Send down? (5)
19. Goes to a woman's head (5)
20. Ready boy-friend (4)
21. Look forward to (4)
22. Not badly (6)
23. W. at elders should receive? (7)
24. Manager to surmount (5)
25. Fruit of course? (7)
26. Foreign weapon (4)
27. Access to the course? (6)
28. Lateral in (4)
29. Does some reaping (6)
30. Small scented bag (6)
31. What check? (5)
32. Not on top (5)
33. Right a wrong (5)
34. Joe Soap, for example? (4)

FRIDAY'S CROSSWORD—Across: 1. Pleasant, 2. Well, 3. Intimate, 10. Deserved, 13. Lovers, 15. Maligner, 18. Situated, 19. Beat, 21. Altering, 25. Assured, 26. Post, 27. Opposite, Down: 1. Avoid, 2. Bias, 4. Lent, 5. Auld, 8. Abate, 7. Tress, 9. Firm, 10. Tense, 12. Erase, 14. Stern, 16. Girls, 17. Ruled, 18. House, 20. Arrogant, 21. Aspire, 22. Test, 23. Item, 24. Gift.

Writing—how tough can you make it?

by RALPH MIDDLETON

WRITING a novel is, in itself, a difficult enough task. Yet, throughout the ages, authors have taxed their ingenuity in setting themselves handicaps which have turned their works into monumental literary exercises. An excellent example of this juggling with words occurs in a novel written by Ernest Vincent Wright, an American. He decided to write his book without using the letter "E" once.

To make his task easier, he put the "E" on his typewriter out of action so that each time he was about to use it, he was forced to stop and think of alternative words or phrases. When you think that nearly every verb written in the past tense requires an "E", you have some idea of the juggling that Wright went through in the course of his writing. His novel reads smoothly. Even though he denied himself the use of pronouns ("he", "she" and "them") and, most important of all, the definite article, "the".

which every single word began with the letter "S". This is not the only case of one literary exercise being answered by another. There have been quite a few instances in reply to the "E" novel written by Wright, Lord Holland set himself the task of writing a book in which every word contained the letter "E".

Puggery

POETS are also fascinated by this kind of juggling. One poem, for instance, runs to 28 lines each of which is composed in alphabetical succession. Thus the poem starts off:

An Austrian Army Awful-ly Arrayed,
Boldly By Battery Besieged
Bograde,
Cossack Commanders
Canonading Come
Dealing Destruction's De-vastating Doom....

Vega's hope

THE seventeenth-century Spanish writer, Lope de Vega, wrote one better than Wright and wrote five novels, each one of which omitted the use of one vowel. De Vega, incidentally, was one of the world's most prolific writers, even though he is not generally recognised as such. He wrote no less than 1,800 plays, which, together with his five novels, brought the total of his published writing to some 23,000,000 lines. Quite an output when you consider that it all had to be written in longhand!

The Greek writer, Tryphiodorus, also went in for literary exercises in a big way. He wrote 24 poems telling the story of the adventures of Ulysses, and in each poem he omitted one letter of the alphabet. Pindarus, who wrote way back in 500 B.C., was also fond of juggling with letters. He composed a poem of some 46 stanzas in which there was not one letter "S".

Hearing of this particular piece of juggling, an American Baptist preacher, James Cargile, recently wrote a 13,000-word book in

their nationality! One such instance is that of an Australian M.P. who asked a question about whether a Royal Commission was going to be set up to investigate a particular matter. This man was not mean with words. His question ran to 530 words, and included no less than 26 subsections. The reply he got from Mr. Maxwell, the Australian Prime Minister, was a model of brevity. He merely rose to his feet and answered: "No!"

But getting back to literary marathons, one must mention the colossal work that has only recently been completed by Professor Arnold Toynbee. He calls it "A Study of History", and its 3,250,000 words are published in ten volumes. Professor Toynbee started writing this work in 1923, which means that it has taken him more than 25 years to complete this particular marathon.

Modern novelists no longer write the marathon-length books that were popular a century or so ago. Samuel Richardson's novel, "Clarissa Harlowe", runs to well over 1,000,000 words in eight volumes. It might have had a certain amount of success when it was first published, but twentieth-century authors no longer think in terms of writing such of the world's greatest and most popular novels, Tolstoy's "War and Peace", and Cervantes' "Don Quixote", both run to great lengths. "War and Peace" contains about 615,000 words, and "Don Quixote" 461,000 words.

But modern writers have their problems

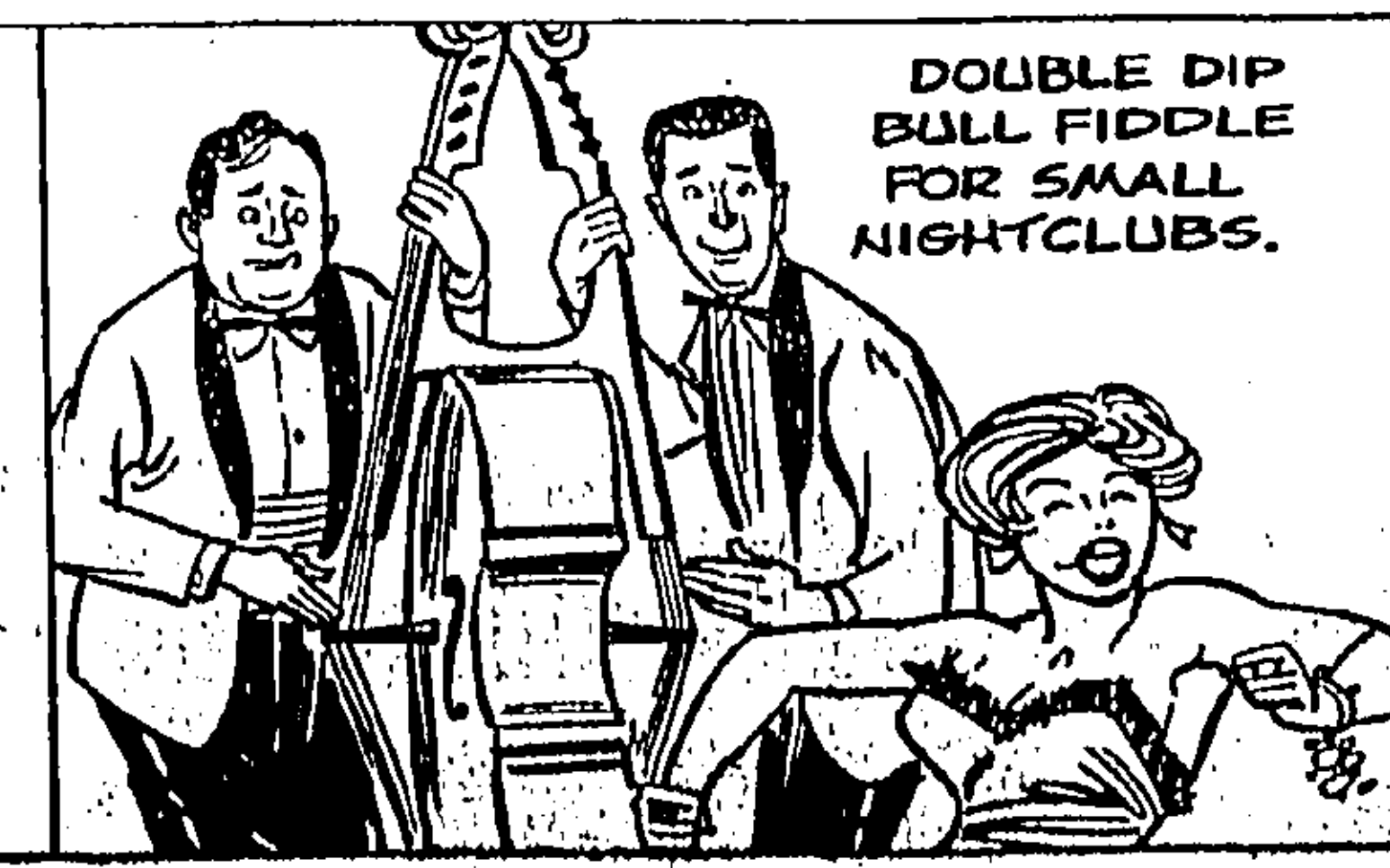
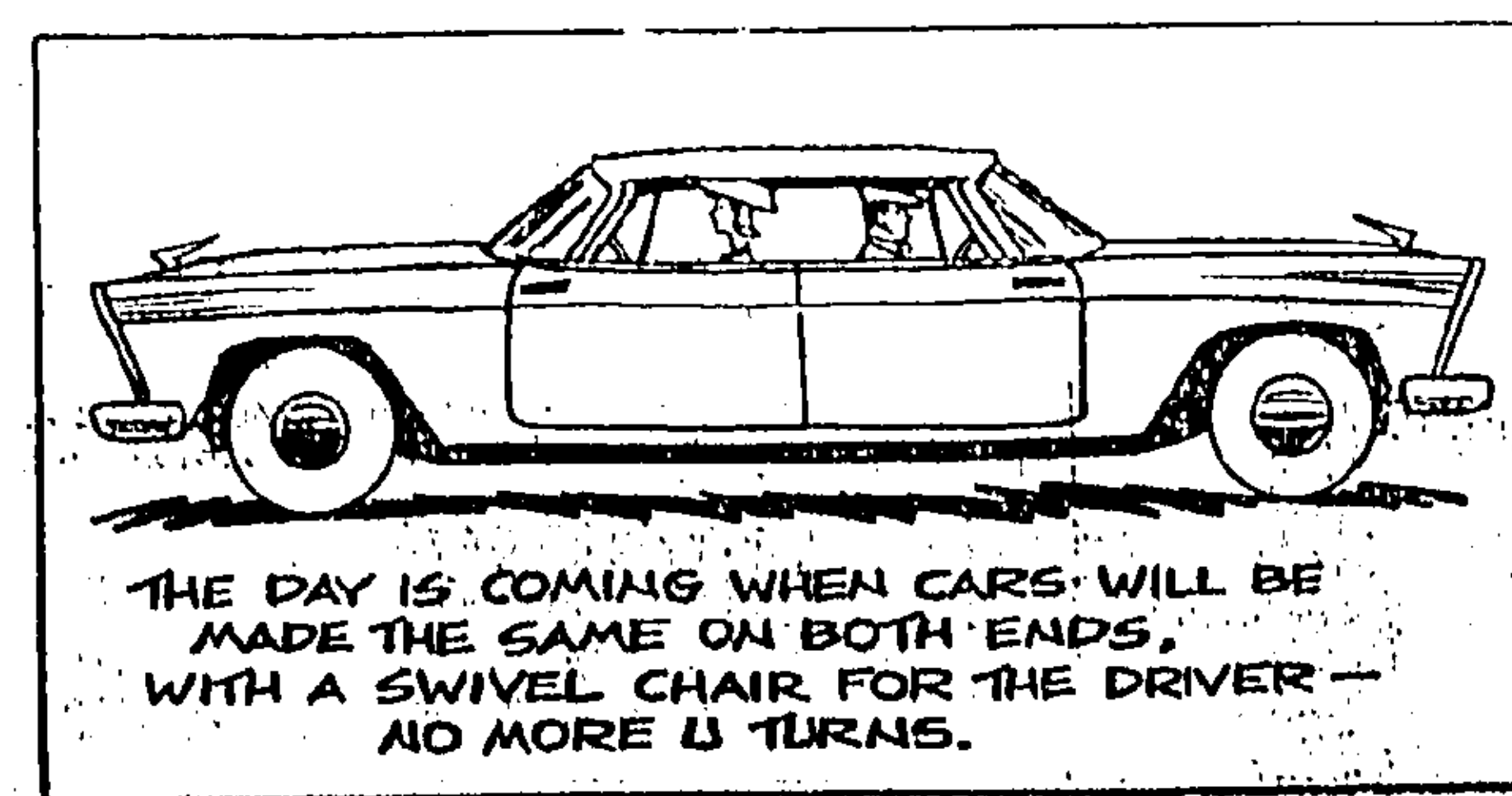
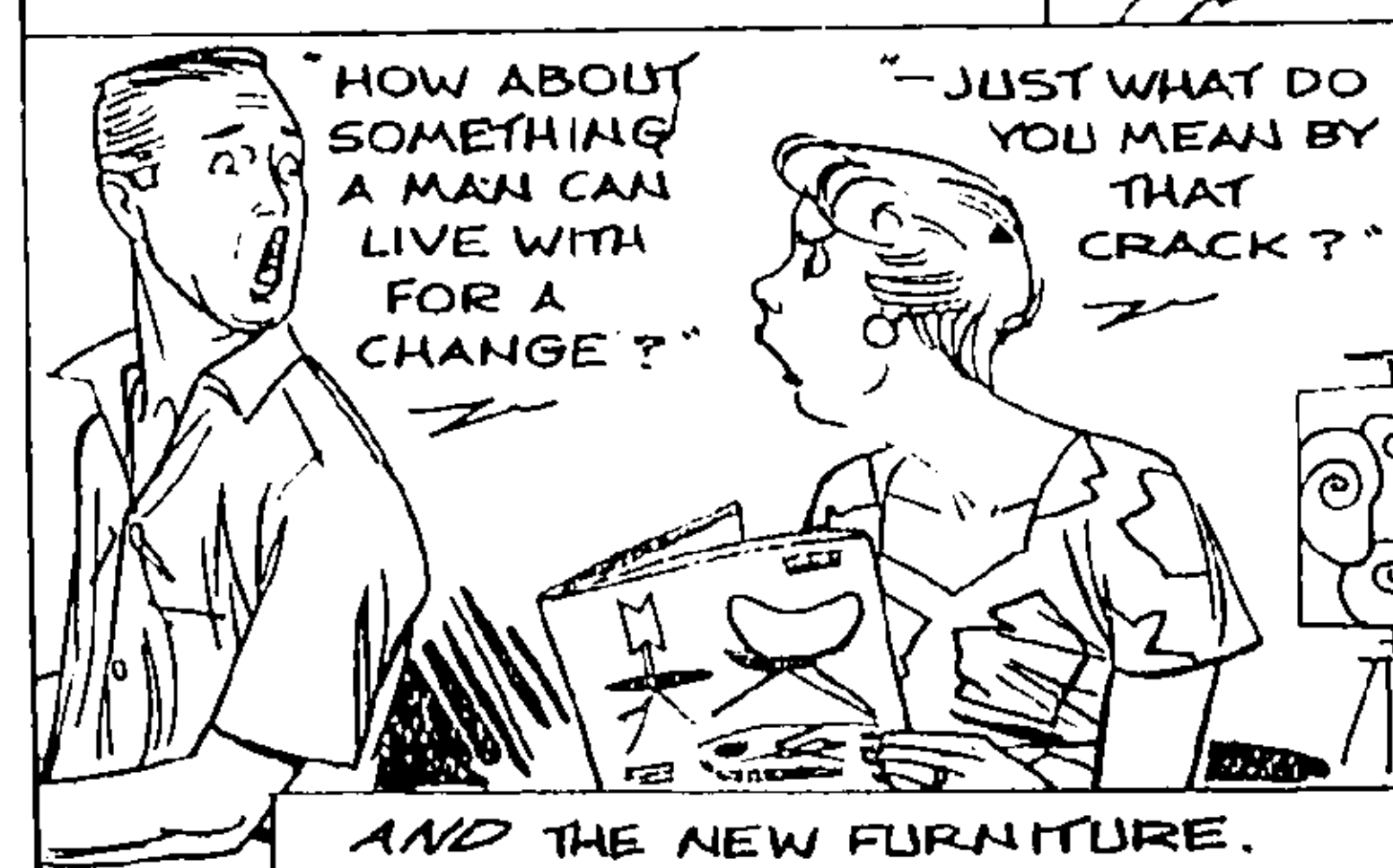
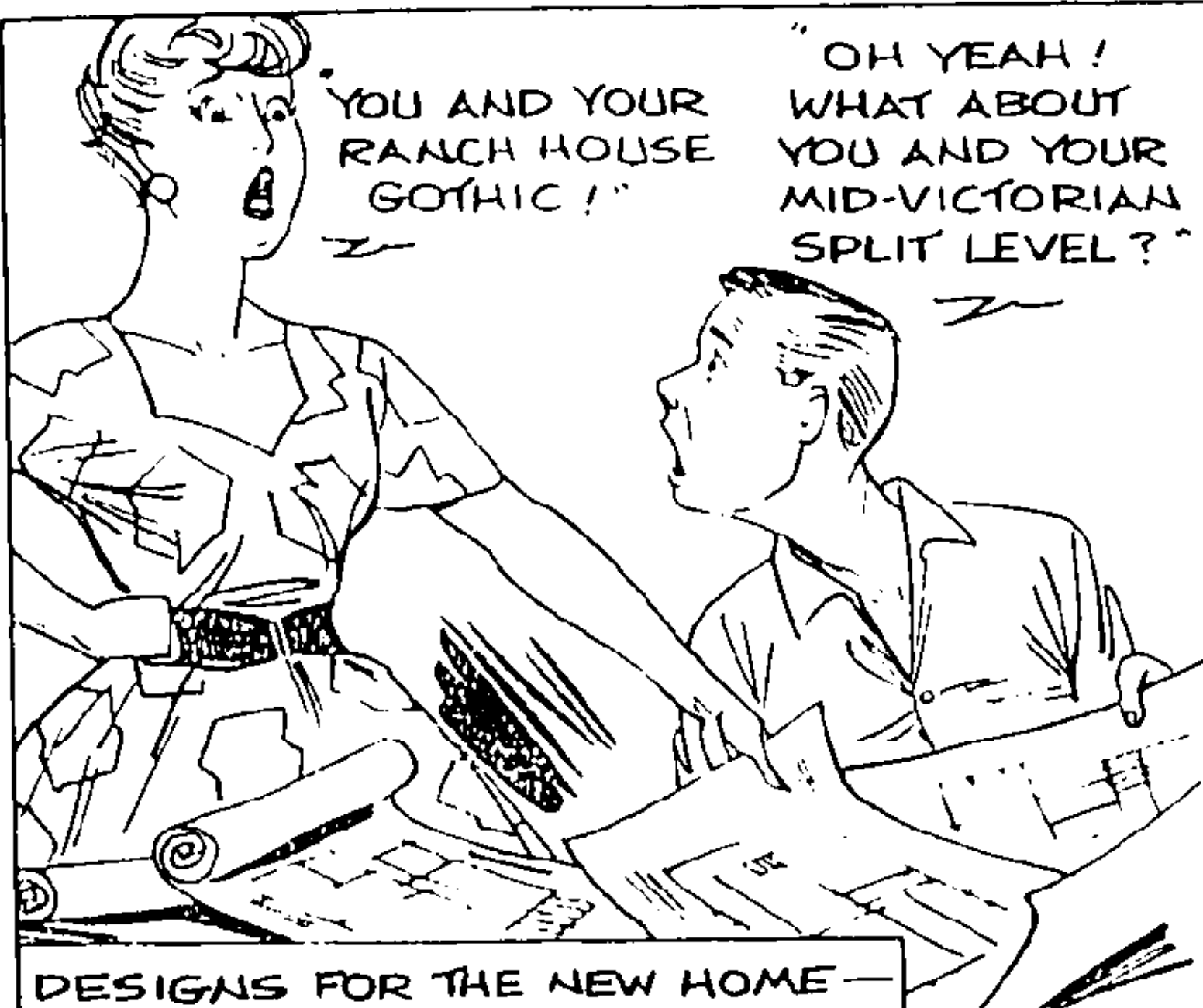
TOO

ALTHOUGH the modern novel is shorter in length, authors are getting paid at a very much higher rate than they used to be. Take the case of Nicholas Monsarrat, author of "The Cruel Sea". He has earned about £200,000 from this one work, which means he has been paid at the rate of £1 per word. "Very nice," says Monsarrat, "until the tax collector claimed 18 shillings out of every pound!" Nothing is known of what the tax man claimed from Ernest Hemingway when he sold a short story to a Hollywood film company in 1945. This story ran to 3,500 words and Hemingway received no less than £250,000 for it—the highest sum ever paid to an author for so many (or so few) words.

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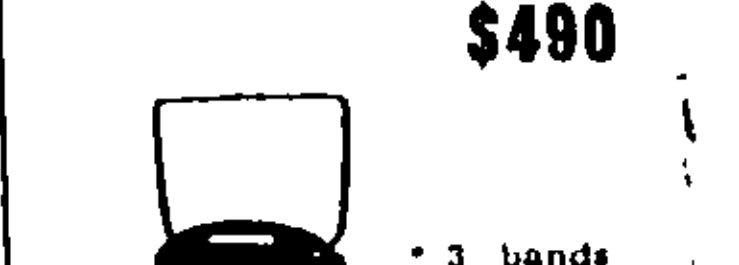
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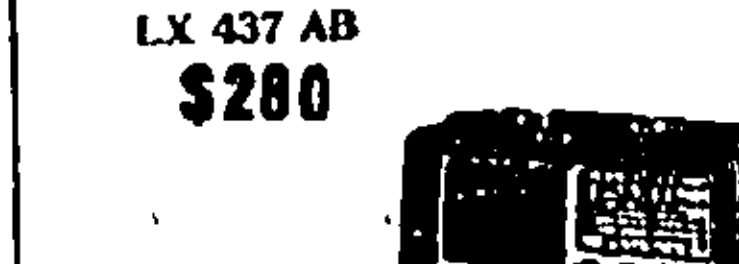
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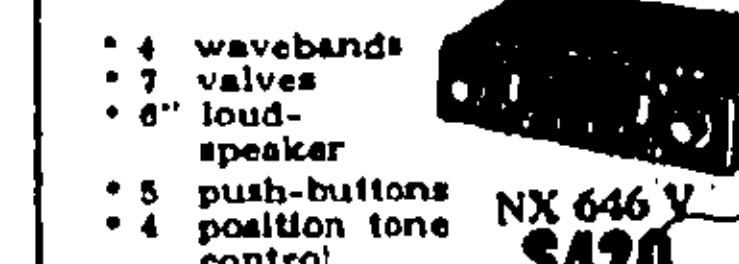
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GREAT RING BATTLES

THE NIGHT WHEN WALLY THOM'S HEART KNEW NO MERCY

By HAROLD MAYES

Cuts, cuts, and more cuts. For years Wally Thom, the sandy-haired Birkenhead southpaw welterweight, made light of eye injuries which would have disheartened many a lesser fighter, even though they cost him many a verdict.

He was so successful in his determination to overcome the handicap that he won a Lonsdale Belt outright, in spite of once losing his British title.

A really honest workman, he was usually underrated as a champion because his suspect eyebrows never allowed him to run up a long string of victories at any time during his seven-year career. But Thom can look back in retirement on one contest which brought him a title because he suffered cut eyes.

It is something I hope he will remember in the new ring career he is trying to carve out for himself—as a referee.

The initial steps he has taken in that direction suggest he's going to be a good 'un, but there are times when referees stop a contest too early because of a cut eye.

They can also make a mistake the other way.

Thom knows all about that situation because there were times when he might have gone on to win without serious damage, just as he did in this contest which comes into the strange-but-true category.

THRILLING BOUT

It never offered the prospect of being more than just another contest, yet it proved to be as thrilling a bout as was ever staged at Liverpool Stadium—and that's saying something.

The knowledgeable Merseyside fans just about took the roof off the building when Thom, in danger of defeat any second because of his injuries, halted tough Frenchman Gilbert Lavigne to strip him of his European Championship.

A match between two southpaws doesn't sound the kind of fight made for thrills, does it, particularly if it happens to have been hanging fire for months?

Yet this contest, which hadn't any pull, became one that those who watch it are rarely likely to forget.

I shall not readily forget the fight, as the contest reached its most dramatic stages, of the well-dressed woman at the ringside.

She might have been sitting there impassively. She might have been hiding her face because of the blood—for there was plenty of it.

HALF-CROUCHING

But, instead, she was standing on her seat, in a half-crouched position to prevent obstructing the view of spectators behind her.

Pumping her arms in a series of well-delivered hooks, she beat the air as she yelled in a shrill voice: "Come on, come on, Britain!"

Lavigne, the blue-chinned, forbidding-looking Frenchman, was a man with a power wallop. He had been tussling with middleweights, and making a pretty fair job of it.

At the same time, however, he had been making a successful job of trying to avoid Thom, because he didn't fancy the idea of fighting in Britain.

When he found he had to, however, he checked on his opponent's weakness, and went out from the first bell to play on it.

Thom obviously feared cut eyes. Even though the actual injuries never worried him he was, patently, always haunted by the knowledge that referees regarded the injuries a good deal more seriously than he did.

Usually on those occasions he used his finger to keep him

out of trouble as much as possible.

On the night of August 26, 1954, however, it was different. Hardly had the first round begun when—bang! In went Lavigne's head, and Thom faced the prospect of going 15 rounds with a split eyebrow.

Was it any wonder that for the next few rounds he showed extreme caution?

But even as he did so, the keyed-up crowd, almost exclusively Irish supporters, sat nervously on the edges of their seats, for it looked as if Lavigne was biding his time for the chance to land one power punch and finish it.

The tensed-up spectators expected the worst but hoped for the best.

They appreciated the Briton's caution, but each time he tried to cut loose they cheered him to the echo, leaving no doubt that they realised, just as much as Thom, that the chances of him going the distance with a worsening eye injury were remote.

RESTLESS

The crowd's urging and Thom's own very real appreciation of the situation had a marked effect on what was to follow. Suddenly the normally careful Birkenhead man began to realise this could be his night.

Restless without being reckless, he started to change the course of the fight. He displayed versatility, punching power beyond that normally expected from him, and, above all, a willingness to trade blows with a man who could wallop.

He mixed his right-hand leads cleverly. He covered repeatedly with crushing lefts to the body and beautiful hooks to the face, and, under the assaults that Thom was continually mounting, it was the heavier-punching Lavigne who was always first to break ground.

TIGERISH

It became more and more obvious at the ringside that Lavigne was not relishing the strength of Wally's hitting, particularly his short, well-directed left hands to the body.

Always, however, the danger lurked. Just one punch on that damaged eye and all Thom's efforts would be in vain.

He knew it without any doubt, and the knowledge of it, I'm sure, gave him that sense of urgency which for once turned a normally placid ring man into a tigerish performer—like the wounded animal fighting for his continued existence.

Thom was not the only man who realised it though. Lavigne knew he was in there with more than a chance, and, in the eighth, he showed he was ready to go forward and take what was coming in an effort to land a finisher.

He stabbed his right hand, leads into Thom's face as the Birkenhead man retreated to the ropes. Then he slammed home a powerful left to the mid-section.

How surprised he was when Thom hit back to drive him right across the ring, to be well on top at the end of the session with shouts of "Come on, Wally" coming from all over the arena.

By this time the crowd was thinking in terms of international conquest as well as of victory for their own boy.

Thom really laced into his man in the ninth, when he looked as if he realised that the chances of the eye injury holding out much longer were rapidly receding.

HIS HANDWORK

The Frenchman wilted. Then, as if to leave his supporters, Thom stood off to admire his handwork instead of going in to finish the job.

Climb—the bell went for the tenth, and one wondered how many of the weaker hearts around the ringside would be able to stand the constant changes of fortune.

Once again Thom went to work. Would he have victory in his glove once more, and then let it slip from him as he had done in the preceding round?

Take time there was no let-up. He knew just what he was doing as he poured in the punches with both hands, never stopping to see how or where they were going.

Then, with the round having just passed the half-way mark, the white-haired Swedish referee, kindly-looking Arthur Koon, stepped between them to save Lavigne from imminent total destruction from a man whose heart knew no mercy.

For me that was Thom's greatest fight. And I shall always believe that the man who lost so many ring battles because of cut eyes won this one for the same reason.

Next Article: How Peter Keenan slammed his way to victory over the little Zulu, Jake Tull, in the "battle of a thousand cuts."

Famous Sports Stars I Have Met

JACK BLOOMFIELD
By Archie Quick

Down in sunny exclusive Eastbourne, a former British Heavyweight Champion is living out the evening of his days. Jack Bloomfield is not an old man, by any means, but he is a very sick man.

This tall, handsome Jew, with his piercing eyes and mane of black hair, was once thought to be the man to bring the World's Championship back to Great Britain. After a seditious apprenticeship as a cricketer, he won the 12st. 7lbs British title and then proceeded to mop up the current heavyweights. Joe Beckett's crown seemed certain to pass to him.

Then he was matched with "Bombardier" Billy Wells—and tragedy stalked. Jack knocked his man out and picked him up and carried him to his corner.

As the sporting gesture cost him his career, for he suffered a hernia, and was never the same fighter afterwards.

MEETING PLACE

In business, however, he prospered, and his pre-war West End tavern just off Leicester Square was the same meeting place of the famous as Jack Dempsey's is on Broadway, New York. Stage, screen, journalism, all the sports were represented by the characters who converged on "Jack Bloomfield's Place".

Champion boxers, footballers, cricketers, golfers, athletes, snooker players, actors, actresses and comedians were two-a-penny there.

Again fate struck. The hostility sustained a direct hit in the blitz, and it is only just recently that there is talk of it being re-built. Down at Eastbourne, Jack told me that he did not think he, himself, would ever be fit enough to return there. "I am ill enough, without having to live with memories," he said.

Ghosts would certainly walk if the inn were re-opened. Bloomfield went to Torquay after being blitzed out, but again a bomb dropped, and he suffered a shock. "And to think it all started through picking up Wells," he added. "I never aimed to do anything sporting like that in my fights. I generally knocked them out and left them to their seconds. You can say it

ALEC STOCK SAYS 'NO' TO £20,000

Mr Alec Stock, mercurial manager of a football team deep in the heart of East London, the other day turned down a £20,000-plus chance of running a fashionable club in sunny Italy.

The Italian club Roma want him as their coach. Their first bait: £16,000-in-two-years, plus a flat for him and his family. Why has Stock, sometime with Arsenal who now manages the Second Division club Leyton Orient, rejected both offers?

It was Mrs Marjorie Stock, dark-haired, in her mid-30s, who spoke about the reasons recently. In their five-roomed, semi-detached home in Woodford Green, Essex, she said:

"Alec is not the type of man to make a decision on his own. Naturally he discussed this offer with me."

A GARDEN

"I would never stand in the way of Alec's career. But one cannot just go abroad and leave everything."

"There are the children—and other difficulties. I don't like flats. They are not for children. They want a garden."

Answers To Sports Quiz

- Christine Truman in both cases. She is 19 years old and 5ft 11in tall.
- A. H. Kerdar in 1934.
- Rome in 1960.
- Steeplechasing. A famous American jockey, Byers won more than 150 steeplechases.
- Melbourne in 1877.
- Miss Charlotte Dodd who won the ladies' singles in 1867 at the age of 15.
- Florence Chadwick, of the United States in 1951.
- He won title in 1937 at the age of 23.
- W. G. Grace, E. M. Grace and G. F. Grace played for England in the Oval Test of 1880.
- Sonja Henie. She won title ten times from 1927 to 1936.

was the one bright deed I ever did, and have I paid for it!" Even the Americans thought Bloomfield had a chance to lift the World Championship, and it was one of the dark nights for British boxing when, out of character, he spontaneously executed the cavalier deed which was to wreck his boxing life.

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- Tempting Aroma

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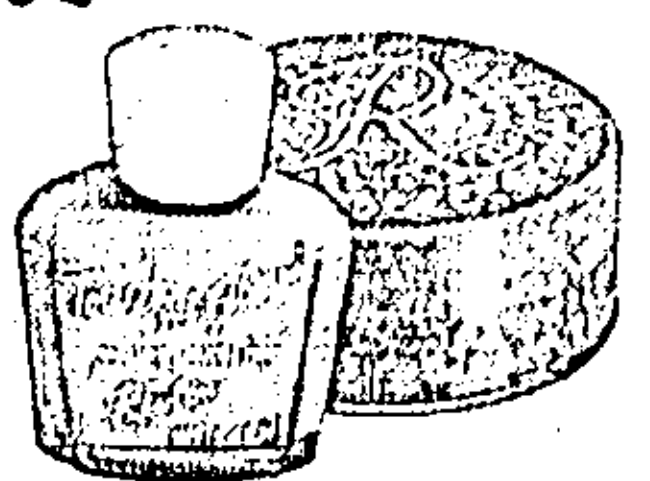
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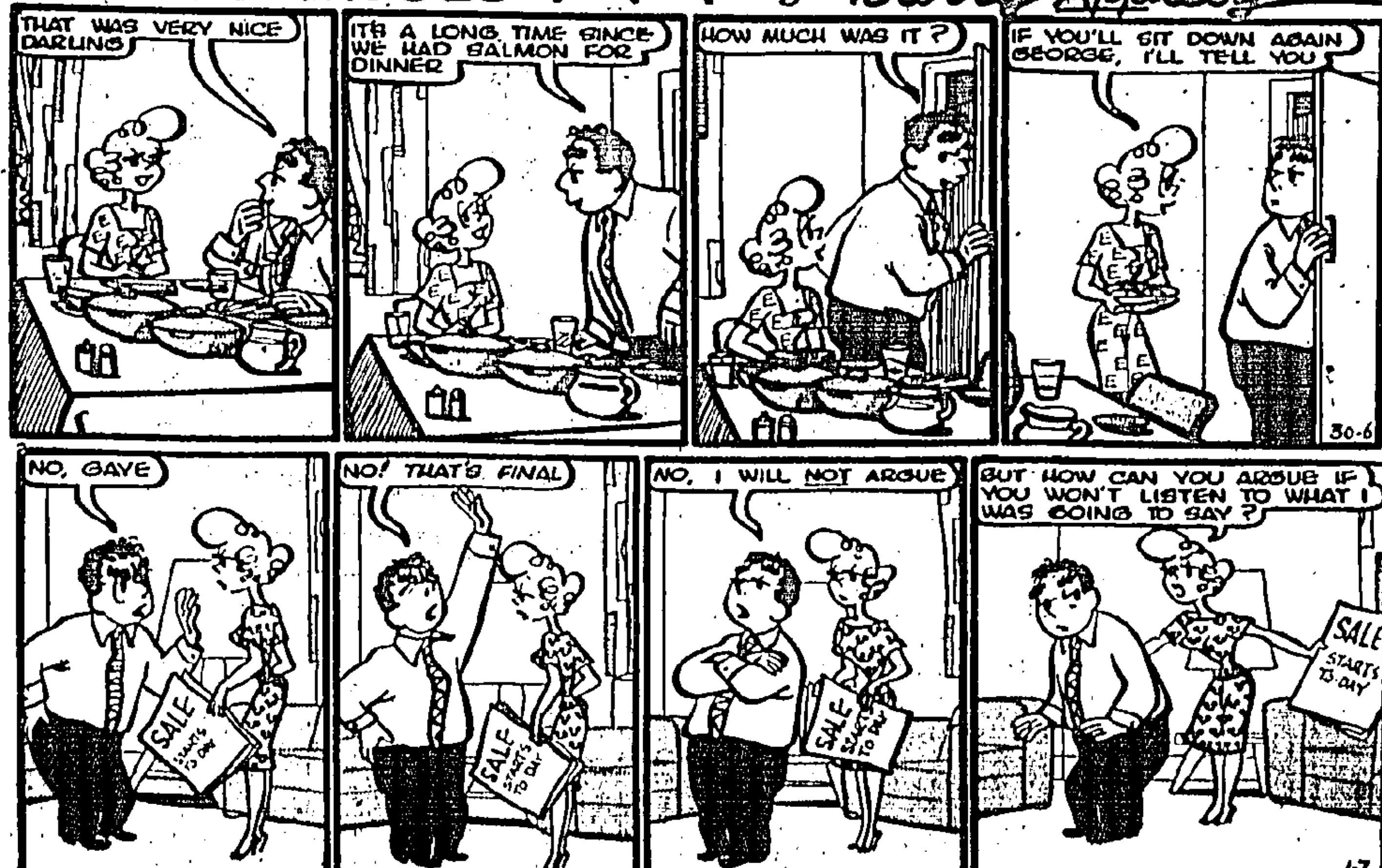


Now in 9 living shades

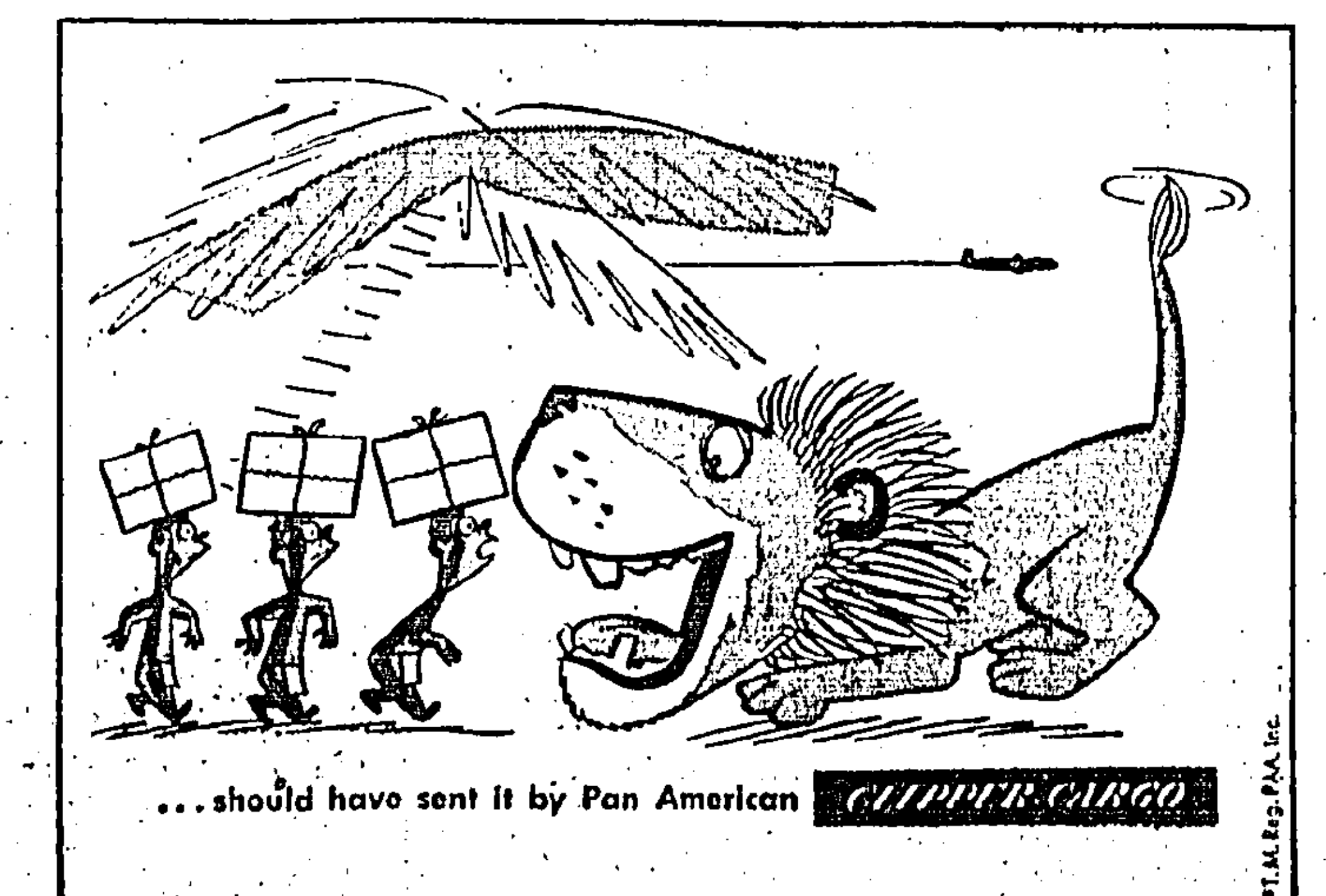
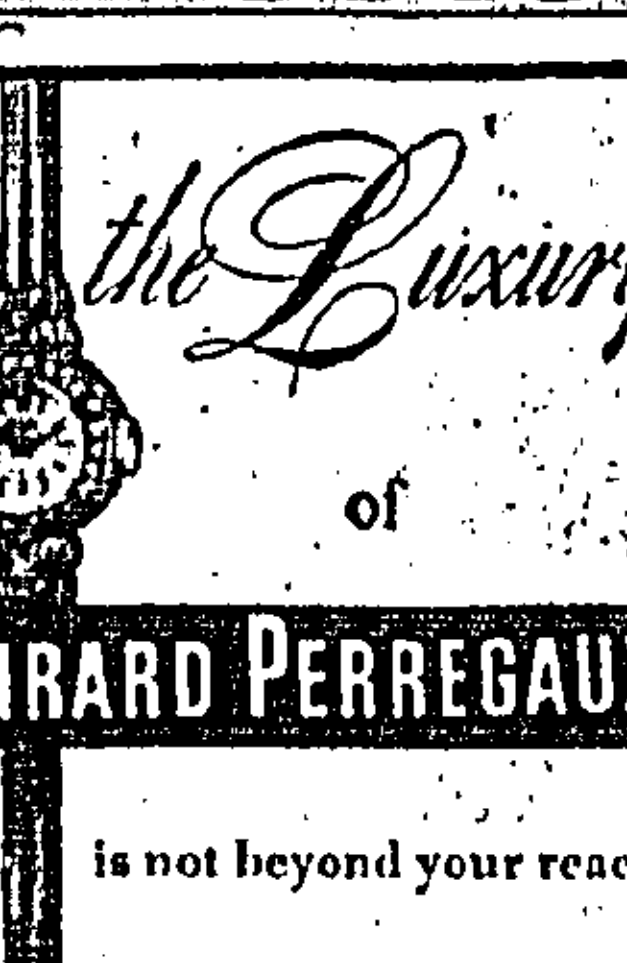
Face powder to harmonize

RTG-57-100

THE GAMBOLS by Barry Appleby



Smart People



Your Radio Listening For Next Week In Detail—A "China Mail" Feature

Stage Club Play Over Radio Hongkong

Conrad Volk's "The Clockwork Clown" On Wednesday

Once again a local amateur group is featured in next week's broadcasting in a production by the Hongkong Stage Club of "The Clockwork Clown" by Conrad Volk.

The setting is the Music Halls of 1918, immediately after the first World War. The "Clockwork Clown," one of the acts in the show, is an elderly man past his best and soon to give his last performance, but very anxious that his married daughter, en route from Australia, should see the show before he retires.

The complications delaying her arrival lend excitement to a play which ends with a surprising twist. Listen in to members of the Stage Club in Janet Tomblin's production of "The Clockwork Clown" at 8.45 on Wednesday night.

The first part of a new BBC comedy series, "Simon and Laura," goes on the air next Thursday at 8.15 p.m. The adventures of the husband and wife theatrical team, Simon and Laura Foster, were the subject of a successful British film, which movie-goers in Hongkong will remember seeing some months ago.

The actors, Hugh Burden and Moira Lister, both well-known for their comedy roles, will play the parts of the couple whose private life is not quite so blissful as their affectionate behaviour—this time on the radio—would seem to suggest.

This Week—Tonight at 7.30 "This Week" brings to the microphone the comments of the Girl Guides who will be representing Hongkong at the Lord Bute's event in the Camp in England later this month.

There will be an account of the inauguration of the Swift flight linking Europe with Hongkong and Japan, and a discussion on New Zealand's trade with Hongkong.

At the Opera—John Wallace will be the narrator in next week's opera hour, at nine o'clock on Thursday evening, which will feature "The Three-penny Opera." Kurt Weill wrote the music and Bert Brecht the words of this twentieth-century adaptation of John Gay's "The Beggar's Opera." The English version by Mark Blizstein, which you can hear on Thursday, sets the opera in the slums and underworld of Soho in the eighteenth century, where early one spring evening one can hear a street singer recounting the exploits of one Macheath, known and feared by all as Mack the Knife.

The BBC feature, "Antarctica," on Tuesday at 8.15 p.m. is an account of the British Commonwealth Transantarctic Expedition introduced by Edward Shackleton, son of the famous Antarctic explorer, with recordings made by members of the expedition before they left for their regions of the far South.

Listeners will hear the voices of Dr. Vivian Fuchs, leader of the expedition, Sir Edmund Hillary, conqueror of Everest, and Sir Raymond Priestly, who as a young geologist went to the Antarctic with both Scott and Shackleton in the first decade of this century.

The Goon Show—Tonight's programme at nine o'clock has the Goon-like title, "Six Characters in Search of an Author." It's doubtful whether anyone has read Jim Spriggs' immortal book of this title, even Jim Spriggs himself, for the whole epic is written by the characters themselves. As chapter after chapter of this thrilling epic unfolds, it seems quite clear that the "Characters" will never find their author!

(Broadcasting on a frequency of 880 kilocycles per second.)

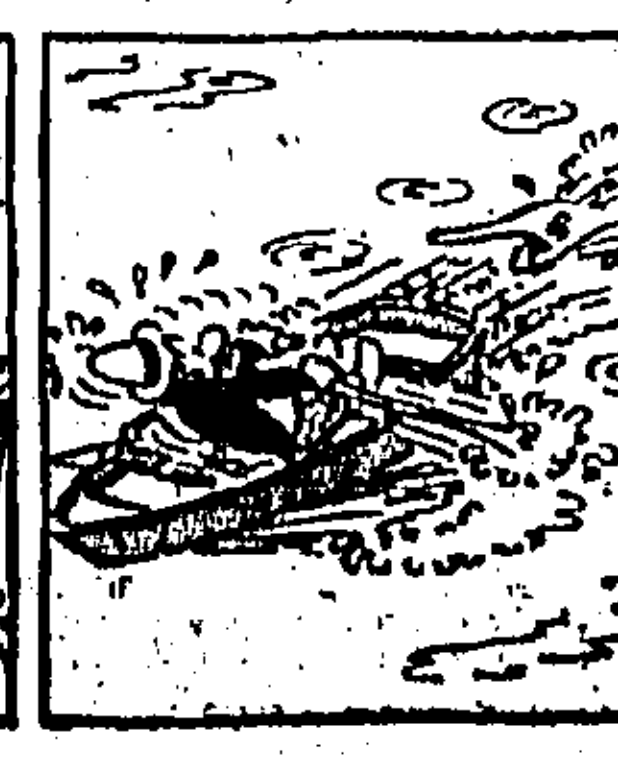
Today

12.30 p.m. PROGRAMME SUMMARY.
1.30 THE GAY 7'S.
2.00 THE VINTAGE PERIOD IN SWING.
2.15 WEATHER REPORT.
2.30 NEWS, SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.
2.45 LUNCHTIME MUSIC.
3.00 THE GAY 7'S, cont. by GUYE Melachroin.
3.15 JUST FOR JOE.
3.30 TARTAN RHYTHMS.
3.45 FORN EXCHANGES.
3.55 PRESENTED BY BRIAN KYE.

Ferdinand



By Milk



CUTEX



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MOUTRIES



BBC Overseas Shortwave Programmes

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SATURDAY, JULY 13
6.30 p.m. THIS DAY AND AGE.
6.45 FROM THE EDITORIALS.
7.00 THE NEWS.
7.15 SPORTS ROUND-UP.
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SUNDAY, JULY 14
6.30 p.m. COMPOSER OF THE WEEK.
6.45 THE SUNDAY NIGHT TRO. INDIES.
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MONDAY, JULY 15
6.30 p.m. COMPOSER OF THE WEEK.
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TUESDAY, JULY 16
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WEDNESDAY, JULY 17
6.30 p.m. SCIENCE REVIEW.
6.45 THE SUNDAY NIGHT TRO. INDIES.
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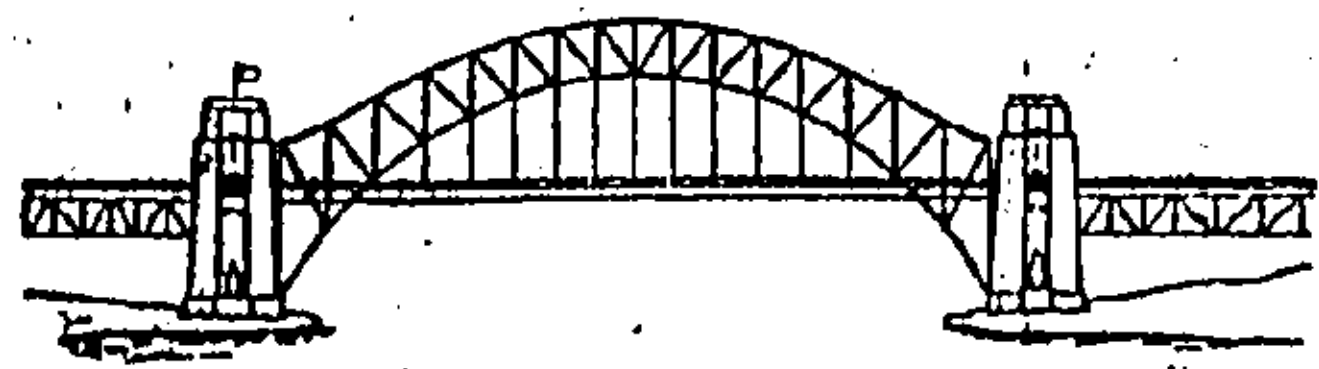
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The Near And The Far In The World Of Sport A CHALLENGE TO INDIVIDUAL COURAGE AND DETERMINATION

**No Sportsman Should
Miss This Film,
Says I. M. MacTavish**

Summer or not, despite temperature and humidity, this has been a most important week for Colony sport and sportsmen — provided there have been eyes ready and willing to interpret the passing signs to our best advantage.

I find it very difficult to place the significant events in their most advantageous sequence, but the order of precedence must depend to a great extent on how each event appeals to you.

Overshadowing all else in my opinion has been the showing of the truly magnificent film of the 1956 Olympic Games. It is an epic by whatever standards you like to judge it, and it should be a cause worthy of a sportsman's crusade on both sides of the harbour.

As an entertainment film it merits a visit if only to sit back and digest the technical perfection of the modern film maker, but for sportsmen and sportswomen it is a challenge to personal and individual courage and determination.

THE WILL TO WIN

Here at last is the will-to-win demonstrated with a relentlessness and ardour that enhances a never before the belief that a good winner is always more desirable than a good loser.

Every emotion experienced by an athlete competing for the world's premier prizes is captured by the strange intimacy of the close-up shots at which

the cameraman of our day has become so expert.

It is true to say that one can sit in the cool comfort of the cinema and see a great deal more of what took place at Melbourne than a very high percentage of the teeming thousands who packed the great stadium day after day.

A few years ago a sportsman of outstanding merit shocked the public by stating openly that too many athletes lacked the mean streak that makes winning an obsession... but too many of them would rather lose gracefully than win at any cost.

Even in these enlightened days there are folks who still deny the often fatalistic determination of the modern athlete to be the best in his class.

"Melbourne Rendezvous" must surely go a long way towards convincing even the staunchest supporters of this attitude: that winners can be physically relentless and yet — morally — be great sportsmen. One sees the most gruelling battles for Olympic supremacy fought with grim unrelenting endeavour; human effort is directed to greater speed, greater height, greater distance, greater endurance: every opponent is a challenge, an obstacle in the path to victory and yet the bitterness of striving and the post-event reaction of the athlete do nothing to prejudice the sportsman's grip of congratulations which follows each event.

No sportsman should miss seeing this film. It should be seen first for the spectacle it is, undoubtedly is and then it should be seen again to study what it really means, not only in the ever improving performance of super athletes or the mysterious hidden incentive that lifts veterans like the Rev. Bob Richards to near fabulous heights up and over the bar of the Pole Vault, but rather to translate what they see into hours of planned training, into months of expert coaching, and finally into years of striving and self-denial by accomplished athletes who grow up in a Spartan environment of the will-to-win.

TIMELY

It was indeed timely that while this film was being shown in the Colony a famous Australian swimming coach should pass through it only because he was one of the backroom boys who did so much towards his country's wonderful run of successes in the Olympic swimming events.

During a brief stopover in Hongkong he took time out to record an interview for Radio's "Voice of Sport".

ANSWER TO SOCCER "PUZZLER"

Don't worry if you didn't get the answer. You're in good company. Two officials at an international match last season were asked the same question and both got the wrong answer. When Commander E. W. Beetham, an FA Council member, put it to the Annual Conference of the English Football Association Referees and Linesmen no one offered an answer.

Correct decision: A penalty kick. Once the ball goes outside the penalty area it is in play. A goal cannot be scored direct from a goal kick.

The back commits two offences: playing the ball twice and handling it. He should be penalised for the more serious, which is handling... and you can argue about it all week-end.

and all who heard it must have been impressed with his views and his opinions on why Australia did so well in the aquatic competitions.

The essentials for Olympic success were listed as natural ability, and expert coaching designed to build up strength of will, strength of character, and finally great strength of body.

According to our visitor Australia's successes were the culmination of eight years of planned preparation. The medal winners were athletes whose promise, noted at an early age, was developed under expert guidance in a country with an abundance of natural facilities, an ideal climate, and a progressive attitude towards the creed that good winners are better than good losers.

He revealed that one very interesting aspect of the training of Australia's swimming representatives was the almost unprecedented incorporation of weight lifting into the preparation.

Such a practice has generally been frowned upon as a means of training swimmers but the Australians have now justified its use and have already stated that it will be increased still further in future programmes because strength is the essential requirement for all who aspire to stardom in modern competition.

BELOW THE SURFACE

Let us take a look at one local incident against the back grounds I have just painted. Let us look for a moment at the dismal failure of our badminton representatives in their exhibition match with the Japanese Thomas Cup team earlier this week.

While we're at it we might take a look below the surface of our players' attitude to modern preparation methods.

It seems only the other day since Hongkong scored a fine win over Japan in a Thomas Cup match at the Queen Elizabeth Stadium in Kowloon. In the interim the Japanese have improved out of all recognition and this time they made the Hongkong Selection look like third rate opposition. Why should this be so?

First of all the Japanese representatives were very much fitter than our players. They played with a sense of confidence and with a will-to-win we never even looked like matching.

Above all they were supremely fit. In fact they were as fit as Hongkong's players might have been and certainly would have been if they had had the courage to stick to a strenuous training schedule drawn up for them some time ago by a physical training expert.

Since Hongkong's victory over Japan the brilliant veterans who brought us so much honour in the post-war years have crowded out of the picture. Unfortunately they have been replaced by youngsters who have become stars too soon.

Youngsters who think they know much more than they do... who think they are better players than they really are and, worst of all, who are not apparently prepared to WORK at the task of making themselves worthy of the eminence they enjoy in Colony badminton.

I know these are harsh words... but I know too that they are not hollow. I know they are true.

TOO MUCH BOTHER

Some time ago a physical training expert prepared a strenuous but novel training programme to assist our young players along the path to physical maturity in a way that

WHAT A FINISH!

By HENRY LONGHURST

I cannot help it if I said it the other week. I must say it again. There is no place in the world for an Open Golf Championship to compare with St Andrews.

The scene will remain imperishably in the memory of all who saw it, more especially those who saw it from the eminence of windows or rooftops or even the television tower behind the last green, which in the end was festooned with small boys clinging to the scaffolding.

Miles upon miles of golden sands stretched away beside the course to the coast of Carnoustie, and we could see every hole of the course itself as the two vast shirt-sleeved crowds swarmed along beside Thompson and Locke, battling it out between them a quarter of a mile apart.



A. D. Locke, one of the truly great "competitors."

FRIENDLY DOUBTS

Critics of the Championship Committee—to whom my sincere congratulations on their presentation of the championship—had expressed friendly doubts as to the wisdom of reversing the order on the final day and sending leaders out last. The crowds, it was thought, might be so bunched together as to become out of control. This did not happen and the finale worked up to such a perfect grandstand finish that they will assuredly become a permanent feature.

Everyone lifted their hats to Peter Thomson. Rain or shine, he plays with a cheerfulness that endears him to all. Undeterred by a six at the fifth in the final round—no sour looks or banging the club on the ground—he rattled off five threes in a row round the Loop, often within hand-shaking distance of Locke where the holes march side by side, but towards the end put after putt slipped by, a hole-in-one at each of the last three holes, and he knew that, barring disaster overtaking Locke at the seventeenth, he was done.

So we had the scene set just as the stage manager had designed—grandstands full, crowds swarming ten or twenty deep on either side, and the solemn, portly figure in the familiar white cap and dark of fours proceeding slowly and inevitably to his supreme moment of triumph. He had won it three

times before, but now he was going to win it at St Andrews.

And what a finish he treated them to! As the ball soared up against the blue sky and plopped down a yard from the flag, my mind flashed back 21 years to a scene precisely similar and I heard again the great roar that went up as Hector Thomson hit the same shot to within six inches to win the Amateur.

A moment later huge crowds were swarming and stampeding across the thirteenth as they did when we won the Walker Cup in 1938. On that occasion Charles Yates, I remember, gave them a rendering of "A Wee Doon and Doris" from the clubhouse terrace. To complete the likeness, Locke also treated them to a song—believed to be entitled "Keep Your Hands in Your Trousers."

OUTSHONE
Last year he had been outshone over here by the young South African, Gary Player and Trevor Wilkes, whom he had been shepherding round the tournaments rather in the role of a rich and retired uncle. At home he had been beaten by Player in a series of matches over 100 holes. They were saying that he was "over the hill" and that the moment which comes in the end to all great games players had come to him. Now, after them at any time in his life, he has put critics and youngsters alike in their place. Arthur D'Arcy Locke is one of the great "competitors" of all time. They may not be finished with him for another 10 years.

Our youngsters failed to emulate their opposite numbers in Australia in appreciating that physical fitness built of bodily strength is the real basic essential of success.

Attendance at the training classes dwindled with each passing week in spite of encouragement from the local Association and the unusual attendance of the organiser. Such indifference could not go on indefinitely and almost inevitably the training project was abandoned.

The pay-off was collected in this week's crushing defeat by a team we had beaten not so very long ago.

The combined lesson from all these several points is that there is no easy way to international success in modern sport... you must be willing to give everything you've got or you get nothing but defeat in return... and that doesn't lead you to any Melbourne Rendezvous!

SOCCER "PUZZLER"

And now may I finish this week with a 'puzzler' for soccer fans? A full-back takes a goal kick. The ball goes outside the penalty area and is blown back. The full-back handles the ball but cannot kick it going into his own goal. What is the decision? If you don't know the answer you'll find it to the left on this page.

SPORTS QUIZ

- Who was the youngest and who was the latest competitor in the Ladies Singles at Wimbledon this year?
- Who captained the first Pakistan touring team in England?
- Where will the next Olympic Games take place?
- With what sport do you associate the name of Dolly Beyer?
- Where did the first Test Match take place?
- Who was the youngest ever Wimbledon Champion?
- Who was the first woman to swim from England to France?
- How old was Joe Louis when he first won the Heavyweight Championship of the world?
- Two brothers, Peter and Derek Richardson, played for England in the third Test Match against the West Indies. When did three brothers play in a Test team and who were they?
- Who has won the women's world figure skating title the most times?

(Answers See Page 17)



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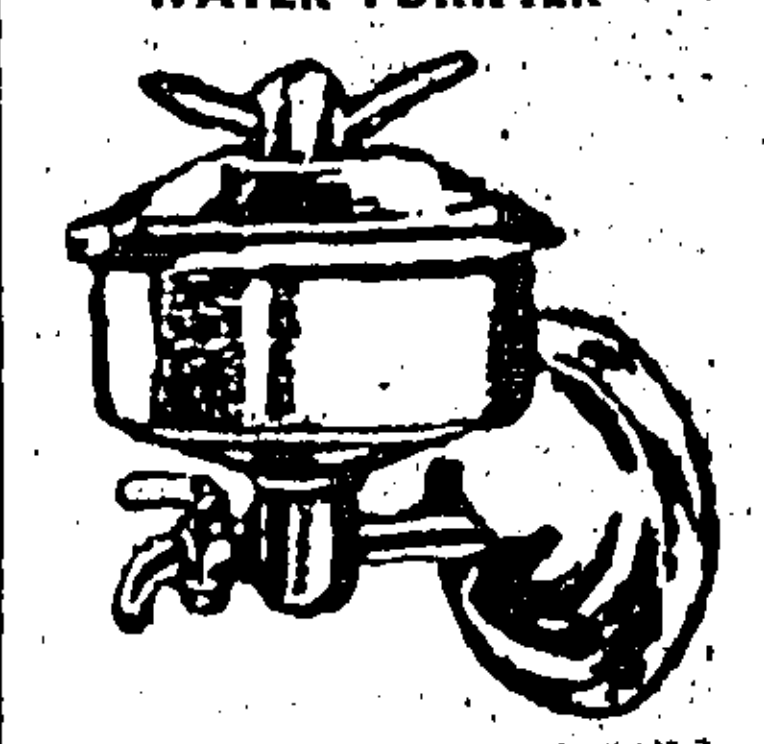
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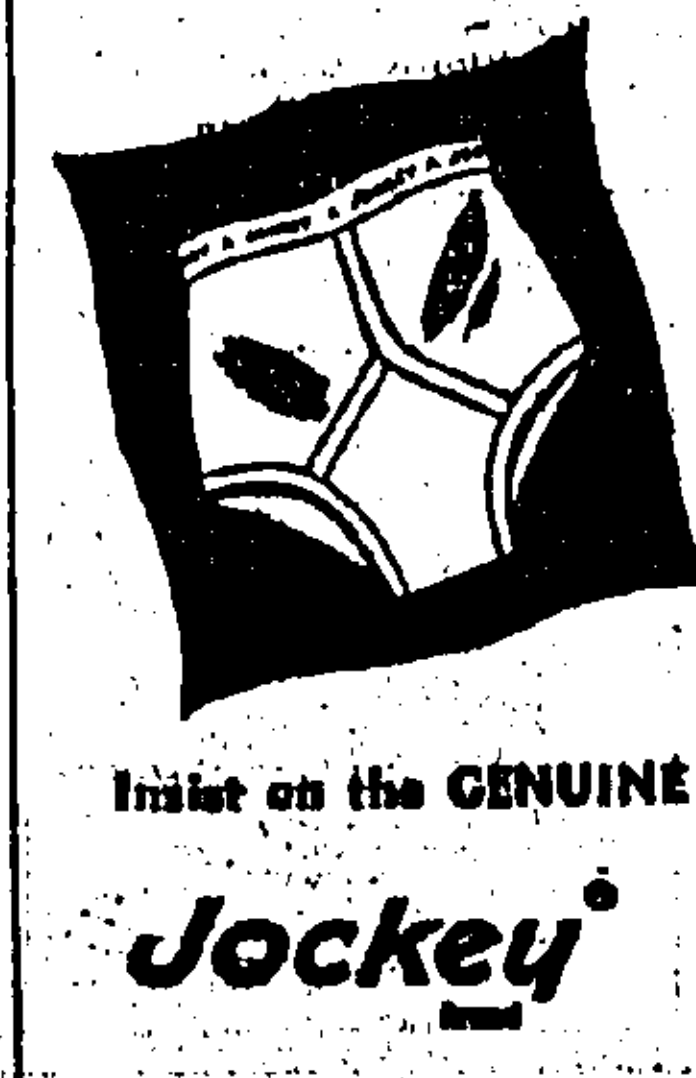
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A week I shall NEVER forget...

● Margaret Dixon, a polio patient dependent for seven years on an iron lung, returned home to Fleetwood, in Lancashire, after achieving her great ambition: she had spent a week watching the Wimbledon championships on the Centre Court. She is 23, a girl of invincible cheerfulness, with a radiant smile. Apart from her head and neck she can move only her fingers.

WHAT a change in my life the past week has been. For seven years, a mirror eight inches by six has given me most of my view of the world. But for five days I have been lying with the wheels of my invalid carriage almost on the turf of Wimbledon's Centre Court.

letters to my friends. I can read; my father fixed an ingenious arrangement of mirrors so that I can see the page right way round, and I have an electric page-turner which I work with my chin. Sometimes I give a party: my friends climb into the room and play games around my lung.

The length of time I can leave the lung varies. While I have been in Wimbledon, I have been out of it for six hours or more at a stretch. On the 7½-hour journey to London from my home in Fleetwood, my lung, with myself inside it, travelled in a guard's van. In an emergency it can be worked by hand, but fortunately I did not need it. The engine driver was most considerate: he blew the whistle three times whenever a tunnel was near so that my parents could shut the windows to prevent smoke upsetting my breathing.

While I have been in London I have learned a new accomplishment called frog-breathing. This is a method of tapping up air into the lungs with a lip-and-tongue motion, like eating an invisible cake. A few days ago I could count only up to 12 without losing breath; now, by frog-breathing, I can double that. It should help to make me less dependent on the lung.

Old friends

I have watched the world's finest players. I have talked to them—they seemed like old friends, so well do I know their names and their faces. They have autographed the table-cloth which will be my most cherished souvenir of Wimbledon.

My eight-by-six mirror is attached, over my head, to my iron lung. Iron, though, is a misnomer. The lung is a plywood box, with a row of little hatches and doors, a hole for my head, and a pipe connecting it to the motor and pump which puff and blow for me when I need them. Only once have I been in a lung really made of iron. That was in an emergency in hospital. The apparatus was out of repair and draughty. The nurses had to stop the leaks with sticking plaster.

Though I can twist my head to look sideways, I see best the things behind my head, in my mirror. Like Alice Through the Looking Glass, the world I see is left-handed. An exception is my television. An ingenious mechanic reversed the wiring so the picture comes out backwards. It is my parents who have to put up with pianists who appear to play high notes at the wrong end of the keyboard.

Even in my plywood lung, there is much I can do. I can talk on the telephone. I dictate

A rocking bed

This lesson I learned in a single day at the Western Hospital, in Fulham, where I went to see an eminent specialist in respiratory problems. There, too, I tried various types of lung, and a rocking bed which tipped me up and down like a seasaw, with the same effect as a lung.

On my visits to the All-England Club I have been treated



by MARGARET DIXON

ed almost like royalty. Policemen stop the traffic for me. Each day the Servicemen who act as ushers bring me a spray of flowers. Ambulance men have cheerfully moved me from place to place. Newspaper sellers drop free copies on my knees as I pass. Whenever I go there are smiles, greetings and photographs. What a wonderful week it has been. I shall never forget it. —(London Express Service).

THE MYSTERY CLUB

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A change of face

"EVERY branch of the medical profession," Byatt told the Mystery Club, "has its own peculiar ethical problems. Elrick must be aware of a good many of them."

The lawyer nodded. "Mostly problems of confidence, aren't they? But others as well."

"Certainly others as well. And my own job, which is that of plastic surgeon, produces some queer ones. Most of my time, of course, goes to straightforward work repairing the effects of accident and injury."

"But there is what's popularly called the cosmetic side. Some chaps simply run a high-powered beauty parlour. Well, good luck to them. You can genuinely promote a woman's well-being no doubt, just by doing something about the shape of her nose."

"That sort of thing happens never to have been a great line of my own. Last summer, however, I was asked to do something about a nose—and well-being certainly came in."

"A woman's well-being?"

Elrick asked.

"No. A nation's. Or that was the story."

We all looked at the surgeon in surprise. "Imagine," John Appleby said, "that this wasn't very near home?"

"It was in Ruritania. I'll call the country that because the name gives you most of the relevant associations. Only this Ruritania is a republic—or was a republic when I arrived there on holiday."

"I believe I was the last foreigner allowed in for quite a time."

"There were three important parties: the national democrats, the democratic nationalists, and the monarchists. And it wasn't quite clear whether the national democrats or the democratic nationalists were in power. What was quite unmistakable was how much they hated each other."

"At first I found it merely amusing. In Zigzag, the capital, people were marching in ragged processions all day."

"There were proclamations and strikes and rallies tumbling on top of each other, and it was possible to see the whole thing in a comic-opera light. But not for long. At bottom, of course, it was no laughing matter. I dare say some of you know the sort of thing, and the kind of sights that got one down."

Q Babies

"Quite so," Wariner, who is in the Foreign Service, spoke from the bottom of the table. "Kids wandering round because their parents and uncles and aunts are all in quod. Public nervous collapsing. Babies getting themselves born in queues outside the hospitals, while loudspeakers below political eloquence overhead. Haven't I seen it?"

Byatt poured himself out a glass of port.

"I had a talk with our Charge d'Affaires, and it was his opinion—quite of the record—that the country's best hope lay in a restoration of the monarchy."

"The pretender to the throne was a young man called Prince Igor, who had lived in exile since early boyhood, being educated in complete retirement. Hardly anybody had ever set eyes on him, but he was known to be a clever sort of lad, with some sensible ideas."

"Where Prince Igor was at the moment, nobody could tell. But there was a rumour that his supporters were preparing some sort of coup."

"All this was interesting, but no affair of mine. Or so I thought until, a couple of nights



London Express Service

He certainly had a nose with which a lot could be done.

later, I was visited secretly in my hotel by a wholly surprising personage. He arrived in a hat and overcoat so shabby that he had difficulty in getting in.

"But once safely in my room he threw these off, and I saw a venerable aristocrat, with exquisitely groomed silver hair and round his neck a really startling gold chain. He pointed to this and introduced himself as Count X, High Chamberlain to the country's lawful monarch, King Igor the Fifteenth."

Byatt paused on this, and I couldn't help laughing. "My dear chap," I asked, "wasn't that very much the idea?"

"Count X," Appleby added, "having an eye on your professional services?"

Byatt smiled cheerfully. "Just that," he said. "We'll say that the count's story quite fired my imagination. Whether it altogether satisfied my intellect is another matter."

"I began," he went on, "by mentioning a medical check. Whether what I agreed to do squared with them, I really don't know."

Colonel N

"Well, what Count X told me was this. His royal master was in Zigzag at the moment, preparing to place himself at the head of his supporters and put both the national democrats and the democratic nationalists in their place."

"That didn't mean, apparently, in jail, for this amiable young prince was full of the most liberal convictions. I felt prepared to wish him well. And I was quite distressed when I heard about the snag."

"The snag?" Elrick asked.

"Prince Igor had already made one bid for the throne—and it had gone hopelessly wrong. A year before, he had entered the country under the name of Colonel N, and led a monarchist uprising under that disguise. It had failed. It had been a disastrous failure. His followers had done some rash and indiscriminate shooting, and Colonel N, whose appearance had become well known in Zigzag, was so universally execrated that Prince Igor—who was supposed, of course, to be still in exile—had to disown him."

"But as soon as the prince presented himself in his own person now he would at once be recognized—as Colonel N. And his supporters, sounding opinion in Zigzag, concluded that the old feeling against Colonel N was still so strong that this recognition of his identity would be fatal to the prince's cause."

"But the appearance of the prince, remember, was still virtually unknown in his country. Hence the proposal that Count X put to me. I was to operate upon the young man so that he would no longer look in the least as the ill-fated Colonel N had looked."

"And you agreed?" Elrick asked.

"I did. It can't be said that I wholly believed the story—although I'm sure that I'd have liked to."

"And part of the attraction of the job lay in the fact that the technical difficulties looked like being considerable."

"But I satisfied myself that Count X had adequate facilities available in an obscure nursing home in a Zigzag suburb."

"I was received there in a rather comical style by two more aristocratic-looking persons, who conducted me into a sort of improvised throne-room, dominated by an oil-painting of the Prince's grandfather, King Igor the Thirteenth."

Romantic X

"He was a massively bearded figure, and the beard worried me. It plucked, so to speak, at some recollection I just couldn't fix, but which I felt to be relevant to my present enterprise. And then the young man came in and received me very graciously."

"He wasn't, as a matter of fact, quite so young as I expected. But he certainly had a nose with which quite a lot could be done. And I did it. Within a month my work was done and I left the country."

"Count X presented me with a respectable cheque on a London bank. And he assured me that when His Majesty was happily restored, I should immediately receive the Order of the Chinese, Second Class."

"Wariner was amused at this. 'But you never did?'"

"No. And the monarchist coup just didn't happen. I must admit that I wasn't greatly surprised. And now, I dare say, some of you have tumbled to something like the truth of the matter."

"There was a short silence, and then Appleby spoke. 'I think you said something about a beard?'"

"Exactly. What had eluded my recollection was this. Prince Igor's grandfather, like many of his line, was a haemophilic. He wore a beard because a single cut shaving would have been a very dangerous accident."

"His grandson would almost certainly have inherited the trouble—which meant that my operation ought infallibly to have killed him."

"In fact, it wasn't Prince Igor you operated on at all?"

"It decidedly was not. I met Count X a couple of months ago in New York—not looking nearly so aristocratic. He was kind enough to thank me for helping to get the fugitive democratic-nationalist leader, Krambec, safely out of the country."

"After my attentions Krambec had got across the frontier without attracting the slightest suspicion. And he had nothing to fear in the way of subsequent attempts at assassination since none of his enemies could recognize him."

Byatt reached again for the decanter. "My story has its humiliating side. X and his friends clearly reckoned that I'd fall much more readily for a prince than a politician. So they put, you might say, a romantic face on the matter."

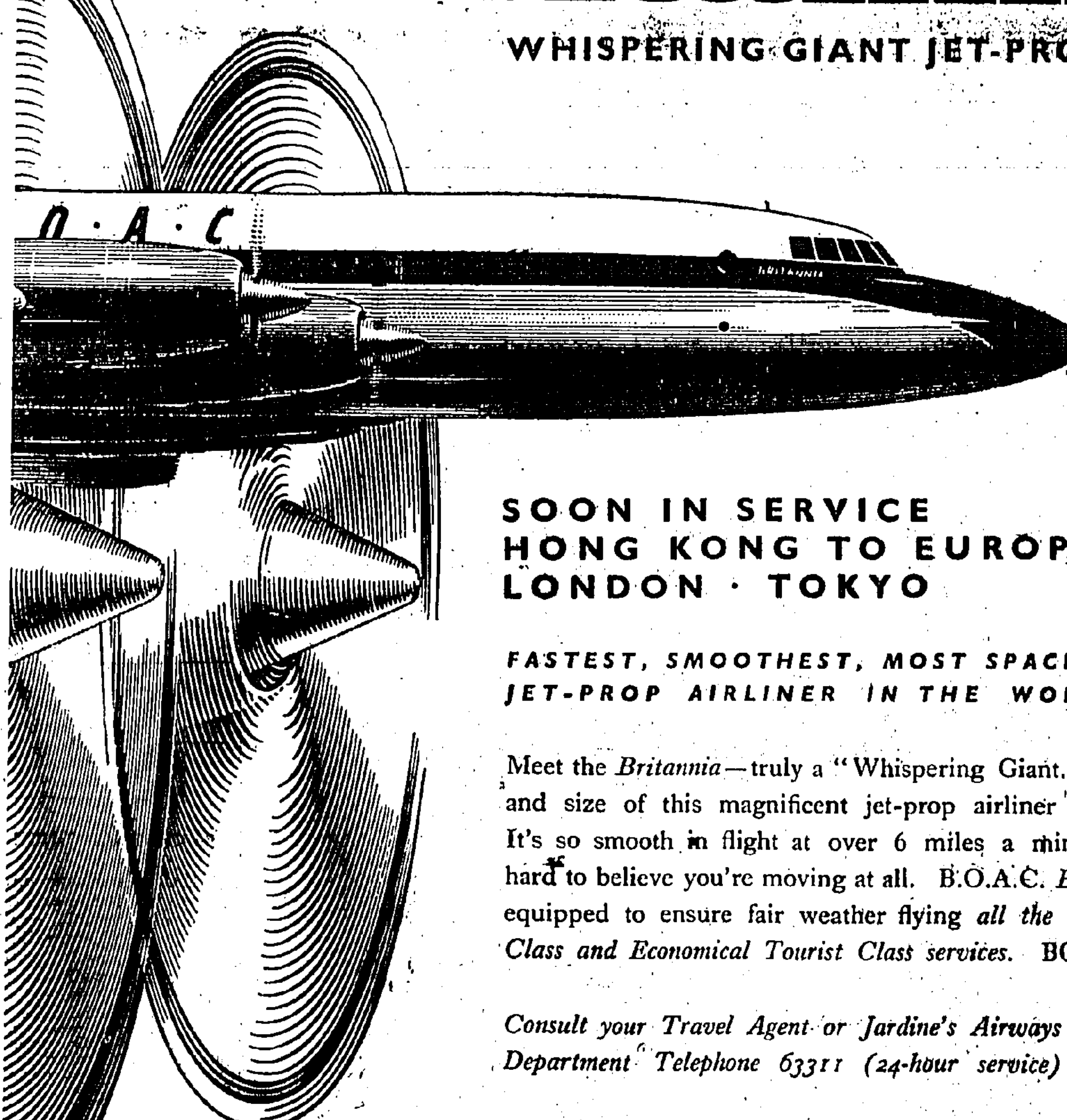
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D. COMPTON-JAMES tells you how easy it all is — JUST GIVE UP SMOKING

IT'S so easy to give up smoking and yet so hard, depending entirely on the frame of mind in which you approach the task. Three years ago I was in hospital, next to a patient who had lung cancer. He experienced no difficulty in giving up smoking, in fact he broke himself of the habit gladly and willingly—but too late. His example did not convince me. I was a pipe smoker so I didn't have to worry about lung cancer, and I wasn't convinced that pipe-smoking was really bad for the heart. So I didn't give up smoking then.

Today I am convinced and once convinced I was able to give up smoking with the greatest of ease. I was not only convinced but frightened, and if there is an element of fear involved, then it becomes quite a simple matter to give up smoking. This is not the first time I have been afraid. Two attacks of angina pectoris have frightened me, and now I feel I can't afford to take any risks.

From previous experience, however, I knew that there are various ways of giving up smoking. The easiest one is the non-heretic method of utilizing a malaise, waiting until you have a bad cold or flu, when you don't feel like smoking anyway. The majority of people who have given up smoking used this method, no matter what they now tell you about will-power. The drawback to this method is that you may have to wait for years before you can put it into operation.

If you desire to stop smoking now then you need an angle, and unless your interest in the angle is greater than your interest in smoking, then you are not likely to succeed. Different people need different angles. Saving money is not an angle that appeals particularly to me, but it may very well appeal to you. The health angle appeals strongly to me now, but it meant nothing to me when I was smoking 20 cigarettes a day at the age of twenty. Actually many people can consume tobacco at this rate for 40 years before any serious health effects develop. An angle that

always did appeal to me was a rooted personal dislike of increasing the profits of the tobacco barons. I always felt that such people have an edge over ordinary traders because they sell a product that seems to be habit-forming. So if you like to get all hot up about giving your hard-earned money to somebody else in exchange for a dozen draws and a pile of ash, you may find this is as good an angle as any.

Once I gave up smoking for 12 months because some ash from my pipe burst a hole in my suit—a brand-new suit not even paid for. If you can get really angry about some aspect of smoking, you can give it up more easily.

To be fair to the tobacco barons, I have always found it difficult to identify the precise way in which tobacco is habit-forming. Whenever I have given up smoking, I have never been able to put my finger on any craving, provided I kept quiet and avoided stimulants—such as tea and coffee in excess. I have waited for the craving to appear, have gone forth to meet it half-way, but there was none, absolutely nothing at all in the way of nerve protest. Even my old friend, the pneumogastric nerve, who often tells lies to me that I am hungry, never sends me any messages of tobacco hunger.

And yet there is something! A sudden flurry of telephone calls, getting into a jam when parking your car, a few words with your wife or secretary, somebody persistently whistling

off-key, anything that increases nervous tension, seems to produce a desire to smoke—not that it is necessarily an unconquerable desire, but obviously it is best to avoid nervous tension. Alcohol is another thing to avoid. One or two sherries might not make any difference, but after three or four the edge of resolution is considerably dulled.

During the first three days of abstinence, the crucial period, you may need to devote quite a lot of your attention to checking suggestions that arise in your mind. These suggestions can come through any of the five senses, a whiff of smoke when you pass someone in the street, the sight of your favourite pipe when you open a drawer to look for a screwdriver, a break in your work—a point at which you have to stop and think, a point at which a few days ago you would have lit a cigarette: on all these occasions and many more, many times a day, your mind will automatically transmit the message, "I could do with a smoke."

Personally I always make a verbal reply—sotto voce if I am not alone—to these mental suggestions, my current formula being: "No, thanks, I want to live!"

Sheer perversity causes the breakdown of some no-smoking resolutions. We are all perverse to some extent: we all tend to take a delight in doing something that our mind or conscience tells us we should not do. If your nature is specially perverse you will have to watch this point, but you may be able to enlist perversity on your own side. I find this quite easy to do when I am watching tobacco advertisements on T.V. "To hell with you!" is my mental reply to their suggestions.

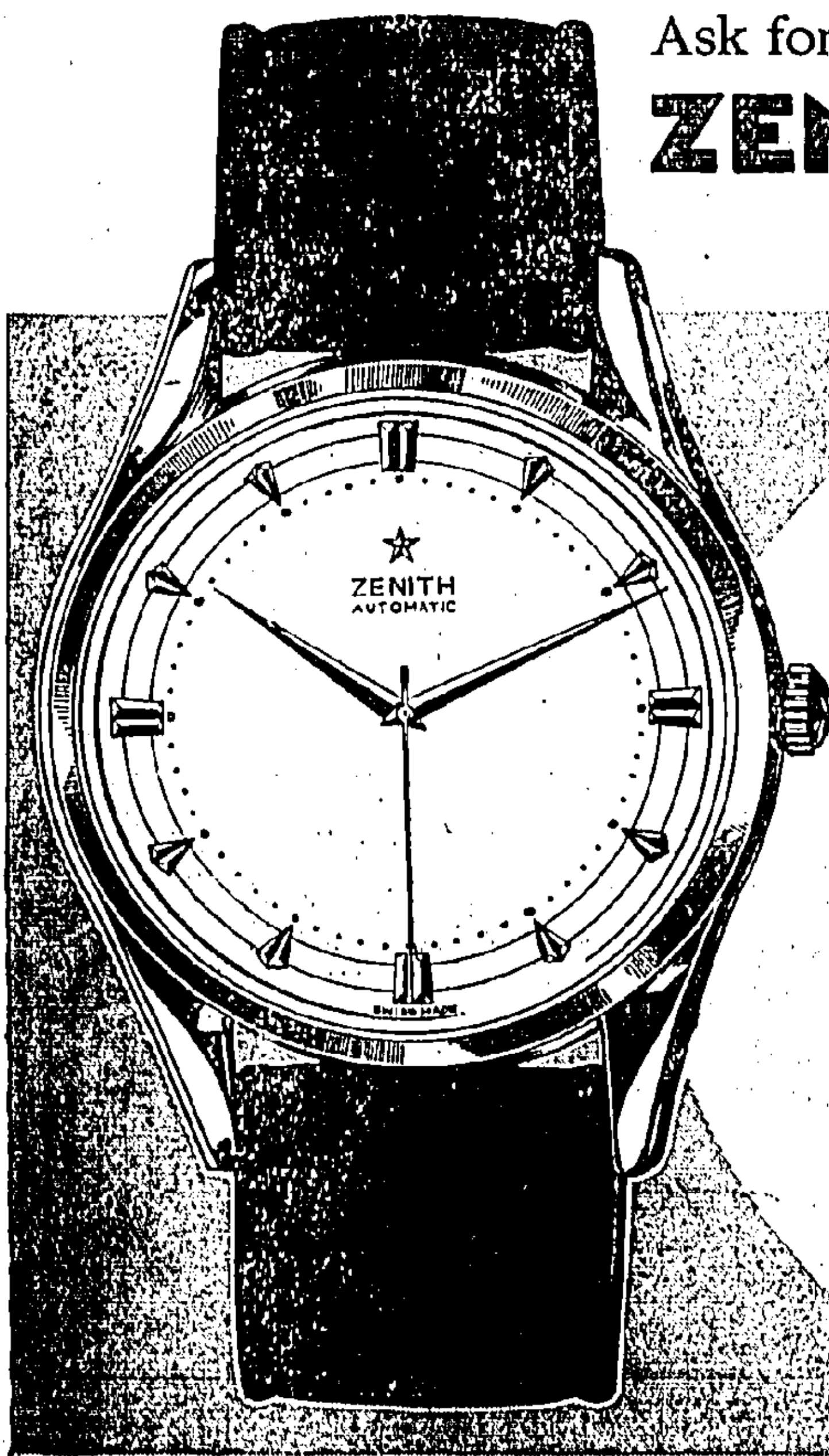
After three days' abstinence from smoking, the tension decreases noticeably, but you still cannot afford to relax completely, not even after three weeks or three years. The

great danger after one year is that you feel so fit and confident that you are sure you can now enjoy a smoke without becoming a slave to the habit. So you can, for quite a while, but eventually you will be back at the point you started from, and this time less likely to succeed because you have a record of failure behind you.

Should one have tobacco available while giving up the habit? I would say yes! After all with off-licences opening when tobacco shops close one can always buy tobacco, so one might as well take the stronger line of keeping tobacco or cigarettes in the house. I am not a believer in dramatic destructions, burnings of pipes, and so on. I remember once being perversely annoyed because I could not get any cigarettes. All the shops, including the off-licences were closed: in fact they were just turning out of the pubs. For the devil of it, I stopped my car and asked a small group standing outside a pub for a cigarette. They gave me one, and that started me off smoking again.



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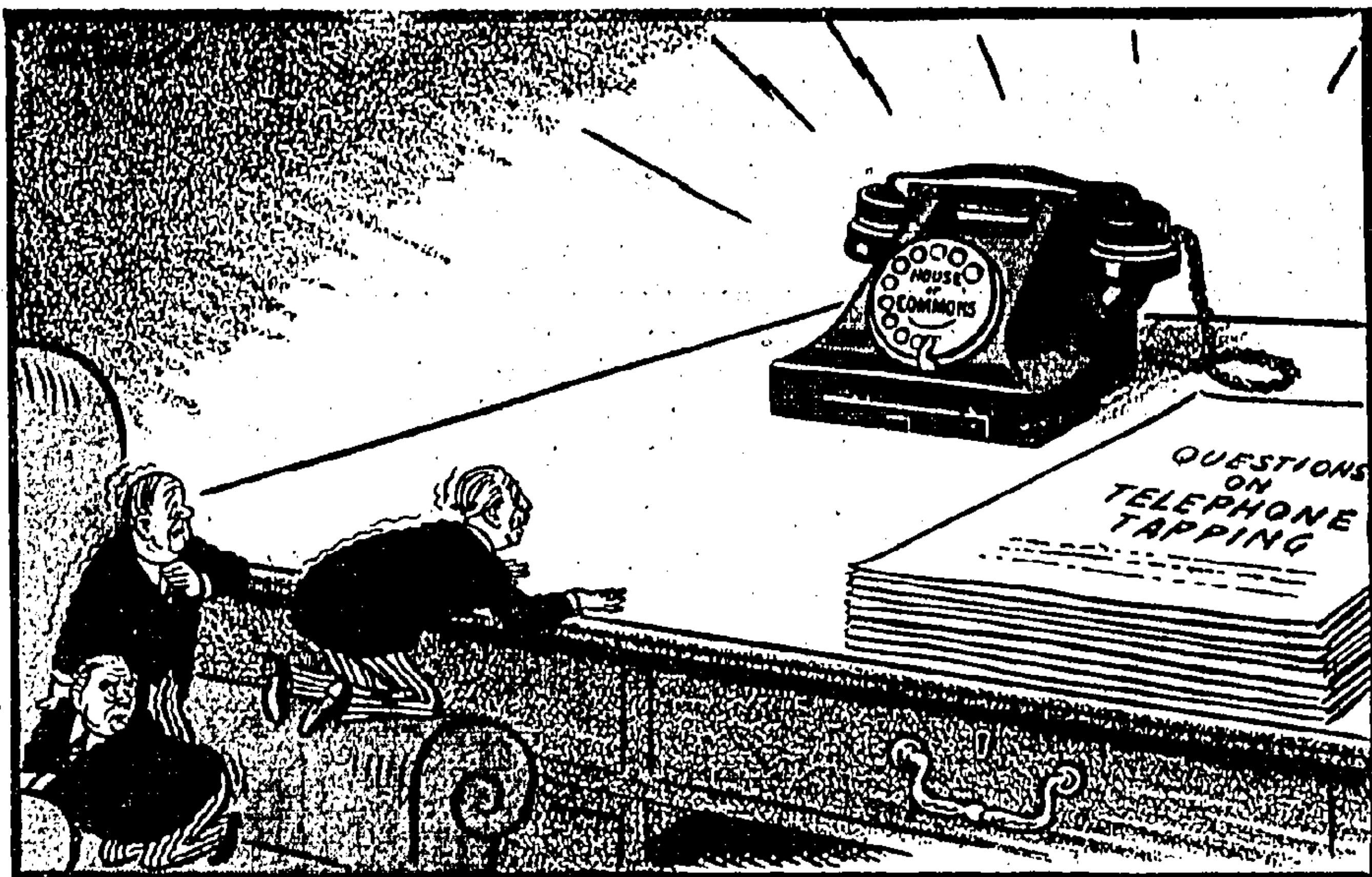
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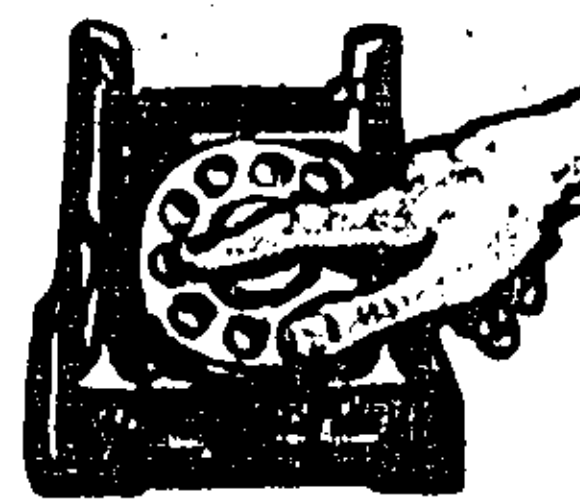
THE INCREDIBLE SHRINKING MEN

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London Express Service

HOW THEY DO IT ... AND WHY PEOPLE NEVER KNOW THEY'RE BEING 'TAPPED'

by SETON
FAIRFIELD

An American expert
on police intelligence
services who is now
studying British
police methods



PROBABLY not a single day passes in Britain now without somebody's telephone being tapped.

Despite the present outcry against officially approved tapping, that is not the only source of this work.

I know of at least two recent divorce actions in which private detectives installed taps for wealthy clients.

But anyone who acquires a little bit of know-how can become an unknown eaves-dropper.

And anyone who has ever worked in a military signals unit or as a telephone linesman knows all the secrets.

All the necessary equipment... wire, condenser, amplifier, loudspeaker, is in any car radio.

Should you have trouble finding a tapper, almost any private detective worth his salt will arrange it—for a fee.

As for official taps, Scotland Yard and security men have it easy compared with their counterparts in America.

The American telephone system is run by a private concern whose profits depend on the goodwill of subscribers. Even the F.B.I. is often refused tapping facilities and has to make its own arrangements.

In Britain the G.P.O. not only installs wire-taps at official request, but also rigs them to convenient listening posts.

NO SOUND

If wire-tapping were a complex art, then at least it would be restricted to experts.

ONCE a tap is installed on your line, you have no chance of discovering it despite the claim of people who say they can "tell."

Stuttering, scratching sounds, clicks on the line, are caused by moisture seepage, corrosion, and faulty contact points.

A professionally installed wire tap is no more capable of making noise than the human ear.

One of New York's top experts once took me to the exact spot where he had installed a wire tap and challenged me to find it.

I failed, for one simple reason:—

WEAPON

INSTEAD of using wires to connect the tapped line to his recording machine two rooms away, he had used PAINT.

The paint contained a high concentration of powdered silver, the best-known conductor of electricity.

He had connected his tape recorder with a tiny water colour brush. There were no wires to detect, and a second coat of paint, matching the colour of the room's base-board, had eliminated the last trace of the tap.

Insidious? Yes. But science today has reduced wire tapping to the level of just one weapon in an entire electronic arsenal.

This arsenal is now at the service of the Government agent and the private snooper alike, and no matter how malicious their motives may be, they go undetected.

FEAR in the land of the lotus

Srinagar.

WHAT is life like today in the beautiful land of Kashmir? These are the words of Begum Abdullah:—

"People in the jails are much better off than we who are out. Words cannot describe the fear under which we live.

"We are prisoners just as much as those in the jails, but we are also at the mercy, day after day, of the ruffians the puppet Government pays to terrorise our people into submission."

The begum knows about jail. She has visited the mountain-top Kufail Gao, where 300 men of the Indian police, her husband, deposed Premier Sheikh Mohamed Abdullah.

He has been in jail without trial for nearly four years, after Nehru ordered a coup d'état because he resisted Indian interference and demanded independence.

Machine-gun posts and wire entanglements surround the jail. For Abdullah is still the darling of Kashmir. In the three days since I slipped into Kashmir unnoticed, because Delhi authorities believed me to be in Ceylon, I have had secret midnight meetings with many opponents of accession to India and made inquiries in villages where risings have been suppressed with Hungarian-style ruthlessness.

The Indian Army has been reinforced by 10,000 men since last January's Security Council debate. Under its umbrella seven police organisations are busily preventing any chance of new risings—but trouble still flares up.

"Peace Pay" Rupee a day

There were mass arrests just the other day in the village of Anantnag, 30 miles from Srinagar. Bands of ruffians, employed in puppet Premier Bakshi's Gao, Brigade at a rupee (50 p) a day, round up known supporters of the Plebiscite Front.

Police arrive to arrest the victims for disturbing the peace. Then they face often handed over to a sinister group known as the Special Staff.

One of the few opponents of Nehru I have seen openly was 54-year-old Ghulam Hamdani, secretary-general of the persecuted but persistent Plebiscite Front.

He told me there are 700 criminal cases pending involving more than 1,000 of his members. One of them is the former Speaker of the National Assembly, accused of stealing a shawl from a man in the street. Hamdani shrugged: "Every day five or six more are arrested, respectable citizens charged with stealing from ruffians in the street. Maybe tomorrow it will be my turn."

He told me the Plebiscite Front has tried to smuggle an appeal to the Commonwealth Prime Ministers' conference in London.

It disclaims Nehru's right to hold 40,000,000 Moslems in India hostage for holding on to Kashmir, and calls for self-determination through a plebiscite under United Nations auspices.

But the pitiful thing is the confident hope the people of this remote Himalayan valley have that the United Nations will rescue them from the yoke of Nehru.

Stephen Harper

SOVIET DIGS IN

By CHAPMAN PINCHER

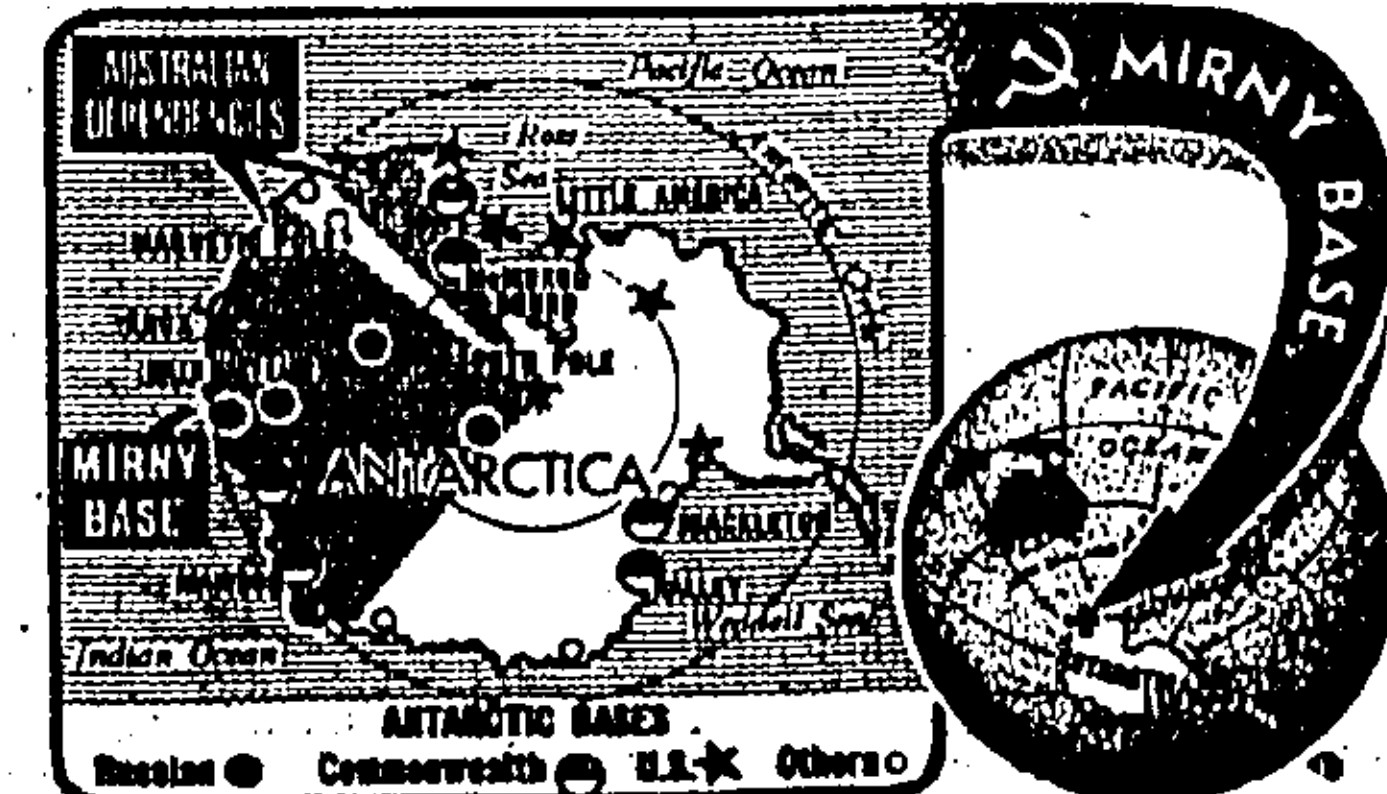
FEAR that Russia intends to use the international year of scientific exploration to claim Antarctic territory belonging to Australia has been strengthened by a surprise Soviet move.

Russian explorers, who were allowed to set up bases in the Australian Antarctic, have applied to extend their stay for a further year, said an Australian Government official the other night.

Opposed

The British and Australian Government have opposed the Soviet application. Nevertheless, it has gone forward to the International Council of Scientific Unions, sponsoring the scientific year which began yesterday.

The Australians suspect that the Russians would use the extra time to penetrate unexplored areas. They could then lay claim to these areas because Russia does not recognise Australian sovereignty over Antarctica.



ANTARCTIC BASES

Russian • Commonwealth • U.K. • Others

The Soviet scientists are already calling Queen Mary Land the Prudhoe Coast—a fact censored from reports sent back to newspapers by members of the British Antarctic expedition.

Russia's application for extra time was put forward at the Antarctic Conference of the International Geophysical Year held in Paris a fortnight ago, before the year had even begun.

The Russians argued that as they had poured so much money into their base called Mirny ("Peace") they should be allowed to get a further year's work out of it.

Only the Belgians supported the Russian let's-see-longer proposal. South Africa, Chile, France, and Japan supported the British and Australian opposition to any extension.

American scientists supported the Russians, but could get no backing from the U.S. Government.

Sir David Brand, British representative, said Britain will pull out of the international scheme at the end of 1958 because of the cost.

The eighteen months success story

THAT'S HOW LONG IT HAS TAKEN TWO MEN WITH A BRIGHT IDEA TO GET HALF WAY UP THE LADDER



Mr. and Mrs. John Scott with son Olive and John in the garden at their home near Guildford.

Don't trust to luck—there is no such thing in business.

What a market there must be overseas for small, plug-in type, air-conditioning units like the Americans have!

Little more than 18 months ago they finished and sold their first machine. Twelve hundred orders have since followed it.

Already their customers include big names like Shell and BP and the Crown Agents for the Colonies.

And their backers now are Sir William and Sir Reginald Rootes, the motor millionaires. So even if it is a bit early yet to say whether Scott and Walker have the Art of Making Money it looks mighty like it.

Enough like it, I thought, to get a progress report from two ambitious men who have done so much in so short a time.

Here is John Scott, 36, dark and good-looking, sitting at a small utility-type desk in an air-conditioned room.

His desk is glass topped, with a map of the world underneath. There are three slide-rules—and only one pencil.

An RAF tie tells you what he did in the war. You guess that he was a night-pilot. And your guess is right.

But the whizzo talk has gone long ago. Very seriously he says: "If I were starting again I would delay the whole thing six months and take a business course."

Change Of Trade He and Walker both trained as refrigeration engineers. They know their stuff backwards.

But when they first set up their company, Tempair, Scott found he had to turn from being an engineer to a managing director almost overnight.

"And without any business training," he admits, "that was almost too much."

From their own experiences Scott and Walker lay down these rules for young men setting up on their own:

"You have got to be an expert in your chosen line. When you are beginning you must be able to go into the workshop and do any job yourself."

"Don't trust to luck. There is no such thing in business. Take care that you get the right sort of financial backing—or else you will fail flat."

With almost a shudder, John Scott recalls: "We were so dead

keen to get going that we never thought of the financial snags. "But when you are setting up a company mostly with someone else's money, you must see you get a proper stake in it in return for your ideas and know-how."

Scott and his partner now realise how lucky they were with their first backer. The three of them formed a £100 company in which each held one-third of the shares. Then the backer advanced £5,000 in an unsecured loan. To start with it was interest free. But he had the right to

"We've got to keep our feet on the ground," says John Scott in his quick and eager way. "Just because three workshops in an old gravel pit have become part of a big organisation, that's no reason for us to lose our heads."

And what does that mean in their scheme of things? 1. Still getting to the works at eight o'clock each morning. "We don't believe in horses' hours. If the men start work then, so should we."

2. Backing their ability to pick the right men to bring into their company as it grows. "Until you have the right people working around you it is no use ever hoping for success."

3. Setting stiff targets in output and sales.

Adds Scott: "We believe we can already beat the Americans in the design of small air-conditioning units. "As our output is stepped-up we aim to beat them on price too."

In little more than a year and a half Scott and Walker have barged right in where American firms have held sway.

But as "new boys" they have been selling mostly to sterling countries. Now they hope to have a go at the dollar lands as well.

They already talk of the day when their old gravel pit site will be too small for their needs. John Scott, aged 36, married and with two young sons, glances at the world map on his desk and sums up in one sentence the Art of Making Money: "Go straight ahead. It's there for you."

London Express Service convert it into 7 per cent preference shares at any time. This way, Scott and Walker had two-thirds of the voting Ordinary shares. They were also to receive 10 per cent of the business paid its way.

Now the Rootes brothers have come in with a lot more money to expand the company. They are to be the big shareholders. But Scott and Walker will keep 10 per cent of the shares.

These two young men have had their first success. They have got themselves established. They have big customers—and powerful backers.

So where do they go from here?

THE ART OF MAKING MONEY

No. 5

by



ALEXANDER

THOMSON

EVENING STANDARD CITY EDITOR

SHOCK FENCE FORTS for the Stab-in-the-Back War

from SYDNEY SMITH, ALGIERS.

I TRAVELLED along a 10 ft-thick screen of electrified barbed wire which the French are building in the "Dadlands" of Algeria's border. The wire is backed by squat hilltop forts—each an independent fighting unit and equipped with searchlights which range up to six miles.

This defence line is the biggest undertaking of the Algerian war.

It is France's contemptuous answer to the assurances of Colonel Nasser and Tunisian leader Habib Bourguiba that they are not aiding the Algerian rebels with arms, ammunition, uniforms, and training.

The new defence line will stretch 300 miles and cut the seven main routes by which Nasser and the Tunisians supply the rebels fighting the French in Algeria.

British-made .303 rifles and ammunition from Egypt are crossing the

border at a rate of at least 2,000 a month—maybe more. With them come hundreds of British hand grenades.

New guns

New Czech tommy-guns and revolvers are also among the rebels' new equipment.

All this is being delivered openly through the ports of newly independent Tunisia, which was given freedom in friendship by France 15 months ago.

I began my tour of the new electrified frontier line at Bone. Although the wiring was started only three weeks ago, the line is almost complete for 60 miles across the thickest and highest parts of the Mediterranean Atlas range with peaks up to nearly 4,000 ft.

I travelled with an army colonel and an escort of two armoured cars. Watch towers silhouetted bleakly

on the mountains, looked down on us.

Swathes of forest had been cut away to open lines of sight and fire and to show the still silvery fields of untrussed barbed wire.

At an enemy touch the wire will send an alarm signal to the nearest command post.

In one such post I visited the colonel sat with two captured British rifles on the wall behind him, and on a shelf in front a gold-braided rebel officer's cap of top-quality green khaki.

The colonel told me: "We have to close mountains, jungles, and deserts."

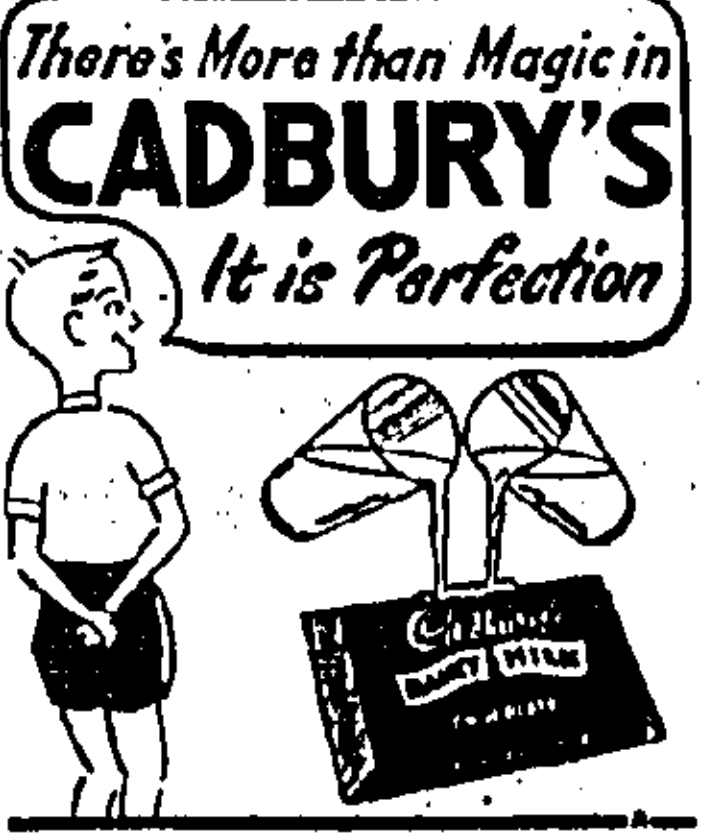
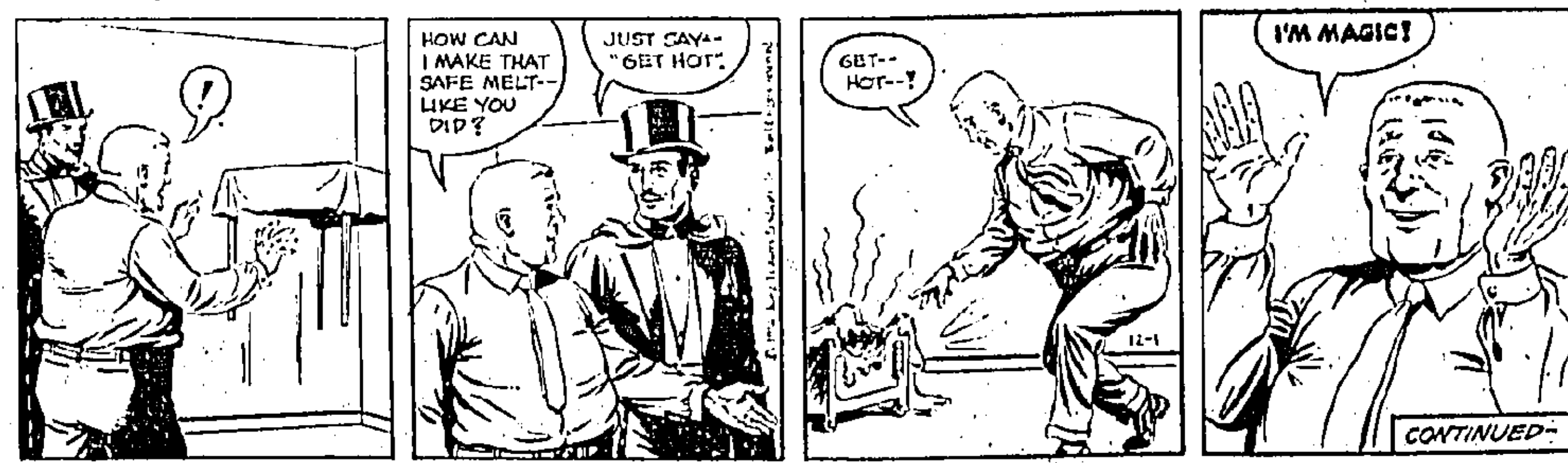
"Look"—he pointed with his cavalry cane at an operations map—"there are 180 rebels reported there coming from Tunisia. It's only six miles as the crow flies—but it is 10 hours' march."

"There"—he pointed again—"are another 30 rebels."

THE GOOD NEWS from Algeria is this: The army is getting more information on rebel movements from the Arab peasants. The peasants are beginning to weary of crop burning, terrorisation, and extortion by the rebels.

MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

By Lee Falk and Phil Davis



JOHNNY HAZARD

By Frank Robbins



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SHOW BUSINESS

No more stunts
for Miss Dors

Diana Dors... off to Italy to make a film. "I'm going to concentrate on being an actress now..."

DIANA DORS lay curled-up on the sun terrace of her Malden-head home immediately in front of her vast, blue-tiled swimming pool.

Beside her, soaking up the sun, lay 6 ft. 4 in. actor Tommy Yardeye, clad in a pair of blue-and-white shorts. A hundred yards away next door, exiled behind a giant fence, Denis Hamilton — from whom Dors is seeking divorce — paced the lawn restlessly.

It was a strictly Hollywood situation—imported to Malden-head, England, for one week only.

Said Dors, blinking in the strong sunshine:—

"When we separated Denis got the club we own, the coffee-bar in Maldenhead, and our block of flats next door."

"They'll bring him in £130 a week. I'm left with his house, the Cadillac, and £25,000 owing in back taxes."

She got up to fetch me a drink from the pool-side bar:—

"When Denis left," she said, "Mrs. Shall, the housekeeper, went with him. And the pets—Joe, the cockatoo, and Cracker, the boxer. Now I've nobody."

"You've got me, darling," said Yardeye, stretching out a hand the size of a dinner-plate.

He even cooks
for me

"Yes," said Dors, casting an admiring glance at 20-year-old Yardeye's 16st. of bulging muscle. "I've got Tommy. You know—he even cooks for me. Nothing elaborate, of course."

The phone rang in the house. Dors went off to take the call.

Yardeye watched her with glowing eyes.

"I know I'm getting some publicity out of all this," he said. "But that's all. I'm not after her money."

He went over to a giant weighted-bar lying by the wall and thrust it casually into the air.

"I suppose you know Hamilton and I had a fight?" he said. "He's pretty strong—but not really in my class." Muscles rippled all over him. Everything seemed to be on the move.

"On Tuesday Diana leaves for Italy to make a film with Vittorio Gassman," he continued. "I'm going with her. I hope to get a part in it."

I nodded to the weighted-bar miles above my head. "Does that go too?"

"Oh, sure," said Yardeye. "Well, take it in the back of the ear. Helps keep me fit. Mind you," he added confidentially,

by
RODERICK
MANN

"I'm not one of those physical fitness maniacs like Joe Robinson and Jayne Mansfield's Mickey Hargitay. I just like to keep in shape."

After a pause for more muscle-rippling he added darkly: "If anyone comes round here bothering Diana I'll flatten them."

Her call finished, Dors came prowling back across the terrace.

"You know," she continued. "Denis always insisted that I'd never have got anywhere without him. I used to believe him. But no more."

We walked across the lawn together, past the squash court she and Denis converted into a private cinema, past the sun-dappled golfish pool and the greenhouse.

No more falling
in pools

"From now on," said Dors. "There'll be no more stunts. No more falling in pools. No more practical jokes. I shall concentrate on being an actress."

We came to a door in the fence. "This is our spy-hole," said Dors. "We can see everything he's up to from here." By way of explanation she added: "He watches everything we do from the top window next door."

I steered them quickly back towards the house.

I had a ghastly suspicion that the only thing I'd see through that spy-hole would be another eye.

THE PURSUIT of showgirl Elsie Marina by Grand Duke Charles of Carpathia has reached a delicate point. The story, set during the Coronation of King George V, is being told by the Earl of Binfield, who, in those golden days 46 years ago, was the Hon. Peter Northbrook of the Foreign Office. He now tells what happened as he waited, as a supposed chaperon, behind the door as the prince entertained Elsie to midnight supper...

Lessons
in
chasing
a girl

SOME COUNTRIES HAVE A MEDAL FOR EVERYTHING



THE EVENING as the Grand Duke told me later, was an unqualified nightmare. When it was over Elsie said that she had really found the regent's first attempt at love-making to be funny and disappointing by turn.

Instead of the expected charm she got a clumsy pass. In the room she was surveying the regent with almost amused detachment. "Do they always fall as easily—the Maisies and the others?" she asked. "Don't you ever have to set the scene—soft lights and perfume, royal musicians, and the rest?"

The Grand Duke Charles tried to wrap his dignity around him as though it were a bath-towel that was altogether too short.

Elsie went for her wrap and another drink. The regent summoned his major domo and in fury demanded to know why the lights had not been lowered "romantically" and why the room had not been sprayed with a mysterious perfume.

Then suddenly he paused as though yet again he had changed his mind. "Perhaps," he said, "perhaps it is still not too late."

Even down the passageway where I was waiting I could see the preparations being made for the replay.

A man turned up with a scent spray. A shaggy, lugubrious character was routed out of bed to play the fiddle outside the door. Lights were rapidly extinguished in the regent's sitting-room.

My cue

ELsie came out with her wrap to find the regent developing a line in which obviously he was under-rehearsed.

"My dear," he began, "everything you said about me tonight has been true. I am without love in my life and I am 40 or—well, 40, and I have never known what it is to be really loved."

"This is like the legend of the sleeping princess, but here it is the prince who sleeps and waits the kiss of a beautiful young maiden to bring him to life."

In the corridor the fiddler started to play madly. In the sitting-room the Grand Duke and Elsie were very close now.

I did not see the regent until breakfast-time the next day—the morning of the Coronation. At the Carpathian Embassy I found that nearly everyone had a slight touch of the morning-after.

The Grand Duke was being shaved—and cut—by the fiddler of the night before. Elsie was wandering about with a bed-spread emboldened with the Royal Carpathian Arms covering what she called her "you-know-what" and the footmen and flunkies were pretending not to see her.

As Elsie went to the room in which she had slept the night the regent called me over and pointed to her direction.

"This girl," he said, "has the mind of a backward child, the muscles of a boxer, and an approach to life of such stomach-turning sentimentality that I found myself offering phrases which, had they been



NORTHBROOK
A NIGHTMARE EVENING

and I thought my cue to provide that exit for her was coming.

Twittering



They embraced while the regent was getting very school-boyish in describing her eyes and she, through a champagne haze, was twittering happily about his hair. Then they kissed deeply, and I thought the time had come to burst in with the news of Elsie's aunt.

The Grand Duke jumped away from her like a giddy schoolboy. I thought I made my speech about the aunt and the accident very well. But I was totally unprepared for what was to follow.

Elsie Marina looked at me dreamily and said: "My aunt—she's no business to be out in a car so late—and at 93 too. Then she said: 'Go away, you silly man,' and the regent was roaring about breach of etiquette and I backed out somewhat disarrayed."

Watch

WHAT happened then was short, simple and instructive. Elsie looked at her Grand Duke and said: "Darling, I'm going to fall in love with you. So watch out." And then she keeled over and went straight to sleep on the floor.

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This is
Chapter
Three
of
The
Prince
and the
Showgirl
by
TERENCE
RATTIGAN

Delay

overheard would have made me the laughingstock of all Europe. "And then to crown it all, at the crucial moment she was rendered insensible by a quantity of vodka which in Carpathia you add to the bread-and-milk of a four-year-old as a mild tonic."

"Cutest"

IN an adjoining room Elsie was taking a somewhat different attitude to the events of the night. In the street, below some of her friends from "The Coconut Girl" were waving to her and wanting to know why she had not been home.

Fanny called up: "You're a wicked girl," and Elsie waved down. "Oh no, I'm not. Not yet."

"What's he like?" the girls cried. Even in the sitting-room the regent and I could hear her answer. "He's the cutest little Grand Duke in the world. He hasn't got a sense of humour and not a bit of charm, but he's cute. In fact I love him so much I could eat him."

The Grand Duke turned to me and I knew what he was going to say. The girl would have to be got rid of quickly.

"And I think, Northbrook," he added, "that tonight after the Coronation Ball, I will have Lady Summingdale—Lady Summingdale—here for supper with me. Arrange it."

Elsie Marina came in again. Her hair was freshly brushed and she was wearing the white dress of the night before. The Grand Duke advanced to meet her. Elsie got in first "My darling," she said, "I've woken up this morning to find myself madly in love with you. So there we are."

His gift

The Grand Duke took her hand. "Alas, my dear, there is so little time now. It has been wonderful knowing you. If only it could have lasted longer. But here is a farewell present." He handed her a jewel-box and she took out a brooch with the royal crest.

"It is beautiful," she said. "You might pin it on, although I suppose there are quite a few of these things being worn about Europe, eh?"

The regent pinned the brooch to her dress, kissed her on the

I WENT with Elsie to the door and she asked if I could find an old raincoat or something to put over her dinner dress. I got one from a scullery maid and we were off.

At least I thought we were. But there was one final catastrophe delay. As we passed the open door of the Queen Dowager's apartment—the Queen Dowager was the mother of the Grand Duke's late wife—I heard a startled cry. "Who is that creature in a raincoat?" called the Queen Dowager. "Is it an anarchist, Mr Northbrook? Bring it here."

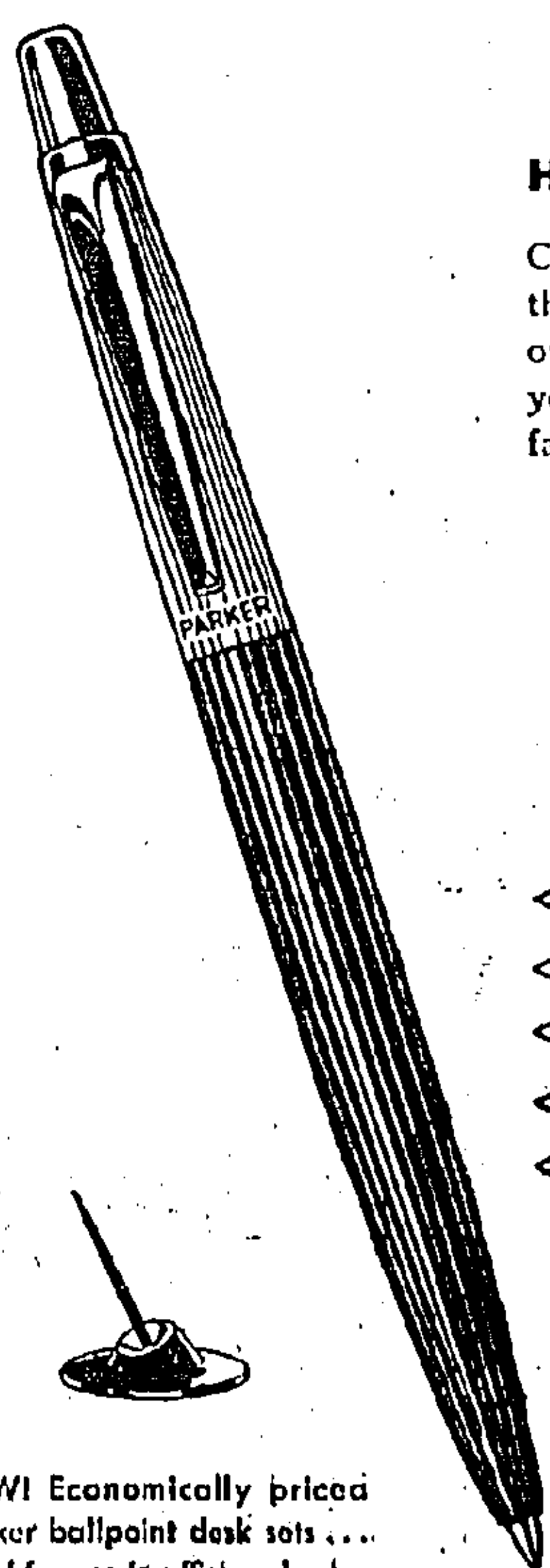
I was caught. I think I had that well-known sinking feeling as I ushered Elsie Marina into the room. The Dowager, liked a full-rigged galleon, was having a last glimpse before setting sail for the abbey. She looked at Elsie: "Ah, yes! You were with Charles last night. But why are you dressed up as a revolutionary in a raincoat? Take it off, my dear. Now what is that you are wearing—an evening dress?" Elsie tried to explain but the Queen Dowager cut her short. "Quite suitable. Quite suitable. Now let me see. What you need are some jewels. I have them here. Put them on."

No game

ELsie turned to me stammering. "What is this, Mr Northbrook?" she asked. "Is it a game of some sort?" "No game," said the Queen Dowager. "No game at all. The baroness, my lady-in-waiting, will really squash me so much in the carriage and besides with her trouble she is always nervous of long ceremonies. "So, my dear, I have decided. I am appointing you my lady-in-waiting for the day, and taking you to the abbey for the coronation. Mr Northbrook, go and tell the Grand Duke."

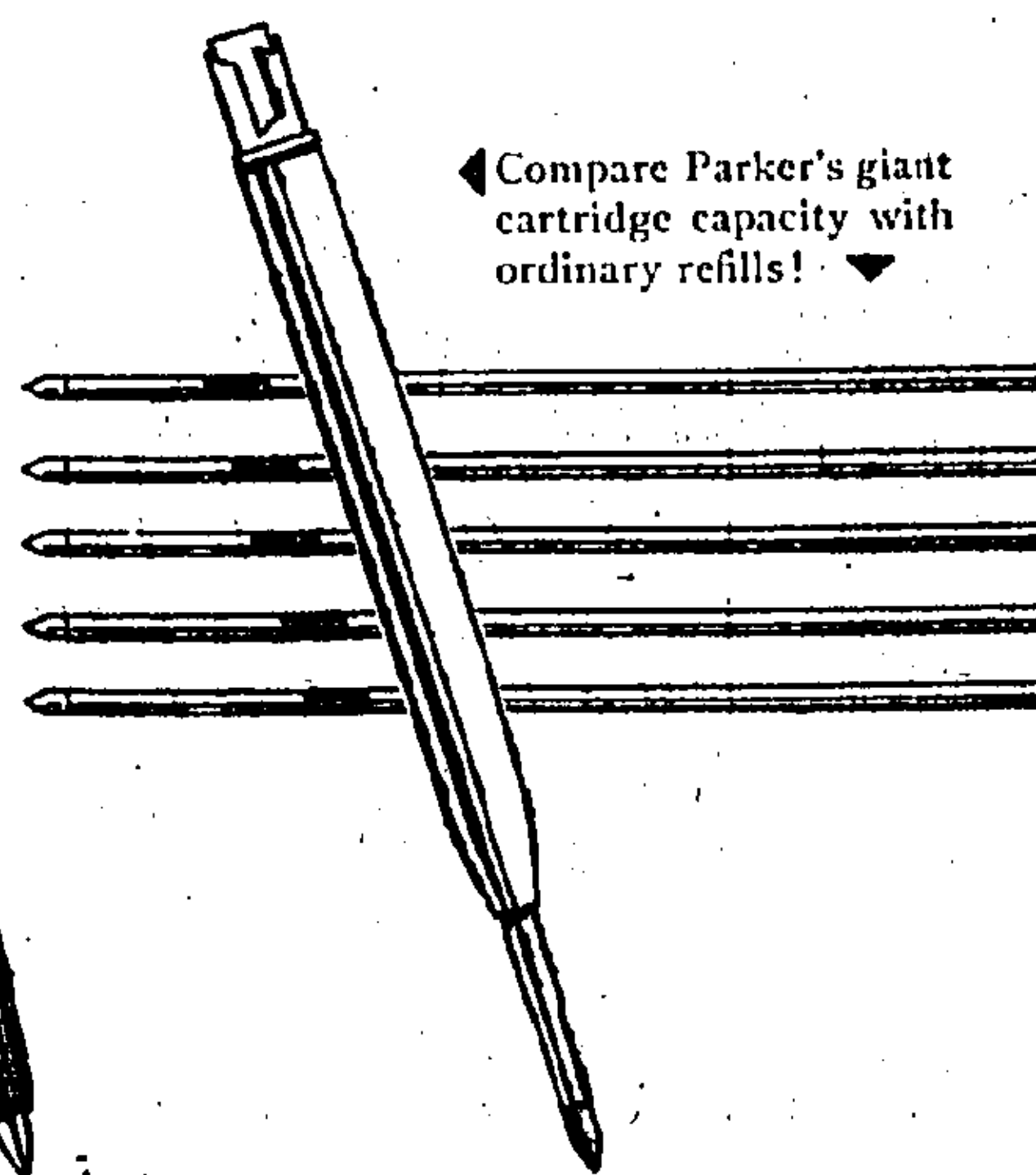
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WEEK-END WOMANSENSE

SYLVIA LAMOND analyses a hostess's nightmare



WHAT SORT OF GUESTS MAKE YOU DROOP?

I WONDER how the Queen feels when she first sits eyes on the list of guests her advisers submit for those famous "meet the people" luncheon parties at the Palace.

Does she ever react like an ordinary hostess? "What... That terrible television man. That pompous, impossible voice right through to the snuff!" Or the familiar cry of party-planning pain: "Oh no! Do we have to ask his wife?"

The Queen is not an ordinary hostess, of course. The whole point of the gold-knife-and-fork luncheons is to bring the monarchy into closer touch with key people in all walks of life—and I have no doubt the Queen keeps a tight rein on any personal prejudice.

But what a human thing for even the most disciplined hostess to jib when the discussion arises: "Whom shall we ask to dinner?"

★

Knowing the people NOT to ask is just as important, and more tricky than knowing who to ask.

Suppose you were making up a guest list from anybody in the country—who are the people you would not invite?

Bearing in mind... that you are not a professional hostess, measuring your success by the number of dazzling names you chalk up... that a civilized dinner party should give every guest an equal chance to shine and send everybody home, stimulated by good talk, but not whacked.

Bearing in mind that the hostess should enjoy herself too.

Here is my personal list of rejects—

PETER USTINOV. This fine, wide frame seated at the table (in the chair nearest the fire—

Here is one woman's list of distinguished rejections...

pleased—if there's a draught in the house) is the prize trophy, after royalty.

But if I invited him to a dinner party I'd take care to tell tickets to the other guests—then they'd know what they were in for.

A one-man show. In his defence, it has been said, he would listen sometimes if only somebody would let him.

The best way to entertain the outside Ustinov is to surround him with disciples and give up all control of the party. Normal guests who come to participate not to watch a cabaret will leave in a confused state. The man who is normally witty wonders why he didn't get a word in. The woman who asked about bullfighting and started Ustinov miming legs, strangely, she has had the bull in her lap all evening.

When foreigners are present the multi-lingual Ustinov gets thoroughly into his stride. He



"Professional conversationalists are a menace."

has a passion for translating every joke or comment into Russian, Italian, or whatever, for each one in turn. He once told a long-winded story through for the fourth time in Spanish to a sun-baked Englishman who hadn't found it funny in his own language half an hour before.

Sensational Ustinov is far better off on the stage... and he knows it, which possibly is why he refuses so many invitations from name-hunting hostesses.

★

MRS FLEUR MEYER (formerly Fleur Cowles, publisher's wife, and journalist). Mrs Meyer, feeling things dragging, might turn to a quiescent guest—careless his brandy glass, at peace with the world—and suddenly say: "Now

high pleasant and old port. Mrs Meyer puts her theory of culture before cutlery into practice.

"I dislike the formal dinner party where you can only talk to people on either side," she says. So guests arrive at any time between 6.30 p.m. and midnight and sit around on five settees.

Food comes in the lap—one of those intriguing foreign mixtures out of a big bowl. One wine or a cup is served throughout. There's the story of one rich, uncultured guest who cried: "Good God—no champagne. Somebody should have told me to dine first."

As the hostess, I'd be afraid that Mrs Meyer, feeling things dragging, might turn to a quiescent guest—careless his brandy glass, at peace with the world—and suddenly say: "Now

her place every time her husband's back was turned.

Imagine it, Lord Mountbatten on the one hand, and a rugged American on the other who produces King-Size cigarettes half way through the soup. That's how to become a battle-scarred hostess in one easy count!

MRS MIKE TODD (Liz Taylor). She is utterly ravishing, and has a ridiculous effect on men—from another woman's viewpoint, she has a helpful collection of jewellery, and a lot of experience to offset her youth.

All this is against her in the beginning. But if she crosses her off my guest list because of her moods. There's no knowing when she's going to hit a silent one. Other people are permanently moody, and we put it down to advanced age, indigestion, or a great brain. Amusing in a mood—slowly pouring champagne over his host's head—might conceivably be amusing. But the Girl with the Mostest is under an obligation to be social.

To put the hostess in a real pre-party fever there is Mrs Todd's devotion to her children. She has no rigid rules about bed-time, and if she was doubtful about her current nanny would bring the children with her. I've seen them in adult company at cocktail time, sitting in a corner, quietly cutting their teeth on a Stratton chair leg. It wasn't my chair leg... but that's the sort of thing the hostess stores up and remembers.

★

SIR ARCHIBALD McINDOE, the plastic surgeon, cheats the hopeful hostess. I'd polish the candelabra all night for him, if he only played fair.

Take a look at Lord Mountbatten at home before Operation Dinner Party commences.

He goes around the table scrutinizing place cards—checking who is above the salt and who is below it? He may whip his wife's arrangement of flowers off the table, put one of his gold trophies in their place.

He has even been known to measure the space between the knives and forks to assure himself they match up exactly. Lord Mountbatten may have perfect party manners, but how could any hostess rest, knowing that a diabolical nigger is at her table?

Then there is the earl's atrocious disapproval of smoking during meals... even endless meals. When the Mountbattens lived in Malta, one servant devoted to Lady Mountbatten (who is a heavy smoker) led his master a frightful dance, popping an ash-tray back beside

"What's new in noses? Does everybody still want Myrna Loy's or is a more classic shape on the way in? Who holds the record for face-lifts, and when are we going to get them on National Health?"

Fascinating stuff... but what does Sir Archibald want to entertain your guests with?

I may be prejudiced about big-game hunting, having a talker in the family who pegged out man-eating tigers with the peerless Jim Corbett. But so many people seem to do it, and once you've accepted that the animals are dangerous, it makes tedious conversation—like cricket.

There are some of my rejects—all sparklers in their own way. It shames me into admitting that after a hectic day, my idea of bliss is the good food and wine—the low-pressure talk—the sanctity... of a rather dull dinner party.

A SHOPPING SPREE IN PARIS

HALF a million tourists from the United States are expected to visit Paris this summer as well as thousands of people from Great Britain and other countries.

The season is already well under way, and one of the items on every tourist's agenda is shopping.

The world's fashion capital has many exciting things to offer, particularly specialties which really spell Paris and can be purchased on the spot at prices lower than in foreign export markets.

Two important factors should be emphasized to the tourist who is making his initial trip abroad.

MADE TO ORDER

First, the avid shopaholic must re-organise his thinking in general terms of hand-made articles which are made in small quantities. The tourist who comes from a country of mass production should note that sufficient time should be allowed, if necessary, for an article to be made to order. Paris is as personal as your own front door, and half the fun is finding exactly the individually "right" item, or having it made just for you. A custom made hat in the choice of the client's own colour, trimming and media, often costs no more than a ready-made bouffant in the United States. But stocks in hand are small and frequently depleted even in the largest department stores, and the tourist who leaves his shopping until the day before departure may well be disappointed.

The second important thing to bear in mind is to shop judiciously. As in any other city with a dollar-minded economy catering to tourists, there are booby traps and dishonest merchants. In 50 cents out of 100, the tourist receives a sincere welcome and finds quality merchandise at fair prices. But there is always the occasional "double price" operator who later refuses to honour claims by returning money or exchanging the goods. Any reliable Travel Agency or Shopping Service can supply a list of reputable stores specialising in the home abroad. It is well to avoid taking a pro-

fessional courier on these buying rounds, for the guides collect under-the-counter commissions of from 10 to 25 per cent which always somehow manage to come out of the tourist's pocket.

Along the better known shopping streets like the Rue de la Paix, the Rue and Faubourg St. Honoré, the Rue Royale, and the Avenue Montaigne and Malmaison, prices are fixed and it is no possible to bargain. Other tourist haunts, however, like the Flea Market, antique shops, and cheap souvenir stores, expect the foreigner to haggle. Prices have been raised accordingly, permitting a lengthy discussion before a mutually agreeable price is established for a specific article.

Among the classic and most desirable items that Paris has to offer, perfume is the most famous. Brand names sell for about one-third of the price which the same size bottle would cost in the United States. Most sought after brands today include all the leading couturier marks like Dior, Lanvin, Balmain, Fath, Chanel, Patou and Schiaparelli, as well as Guerlain, Roger et Gallet and others. But tourists should beware of the so-called bargain offers, the majority of which are cheap imitations of best-selling brands. Parfumeurs from Grasse, the centre of the flower fields which distill the essential oils in Southern France, often quote low prices on unmarked blends, claiming them to be the identical formula of some famous scent.

GOOD BUYS

Other good buys for women are gloves, both plain or hand-embroidered, ranging in price from about three to twenty dollars (about £1 to £7). Handbags, umbrellas, and day-buffers are exciting, especially the hand-banded or petit point evening bags. Famous French lingerie has never been over-rated, and today many of the best shops are combining the practicality of nylon fabrics with the fine handwork, detailed applique, embroidery, and real lace. Blouses are good, too, both in novelty costume styles or classic silk and batiste shirtwaists, lavishly worked in drawn thread or embroidery. Frivolities of all descriptions such as scarves, costume jewellery, and the smart little what-not that gives a lift to any ensemble, are other trademarks of Paris.

An exciting new boutique, Jean Lefebvre, which has recently opened in a residential street just off the Faubourg St. Honoré, specialises in couture-boutique clothes, combining the best in ready-to-wear at reasonable prices, with personal fitting. Dress prices begin at 14,000 francs (about 40 dollars—£14), and there are also the wool jerseys and knitwear which are so popular this summer and fine costume jewellery which includes enamel replicas of the old Fabergé Easter eggs, besides other amusing accessories and hatbox items.

SURPRISE ITEMS

Paris is often called a "Woman's town", and contrasted to London, as the masculine haven. Yet any man can go on a shopping spree here, at men's shops selling wonderful and distinctive neckties, good gloves, custom-made shirts, and pyjamas.

One shop in the Rue de Rivoli is featuring two unusual gift items for men. First, discover dark blue neckties with a diagonal red stripe which, on close inspection turns out to be a man's Christian name woven into the silk fabric itself. There is a choice of some 50 different names always in stock. This tie costs 1,200 francs (about 4 dollars—£1.45). After this, there are "surprise" handkerchiefs, in two different sizes of sheer linen, printed with red lipstick shapes in various sizes. These cost less than a thousand francs (about three dollars—£1).

Parisian specialties for the home include fine Baccarat crystal, and China ware, ceramics, cutlery, prints and engravings, and, of course, antique furniture. Two worthwhile spots for old prints and etchings if one has the time to browse, are

the historical Place du Tertre in Montmartre, and the picturesque bookstalls which line both the left and right banks of the Seine. In the back streets, like the Rue du Bac, Rue du Saint Pere, and Rue Jacob, winding up from the left bank are numerous antique shops, all reputable and willing to handle packing and shipping for their clients.

Miscellaneous items of interest to the foreign traveller are fine liqueurs, pate de foie gras (goose liver paste) and other delicacies packed in tins. An inexpensive little gift from Paris, which can be picked up in any chemist's shop is a real duck-down powder puff. These little feather powder puffs ranging from compact to giant bath-powder size, are only made in this country.

Luxury items which are beautifully made in Paris but are far more expensive than in the United States, are fine and real jewellery. French law requires jewellers to work in nothing less than 18 carat gold, and this automatically increases the price. Pure are magnificently handled, but raw idios cost far more than in most other countries.

INDIVIDUAL NOTE

Apart from the hundreds of attractive specialty shops and boutiques, the large department stores are excellent, if less colourful, shopping sources. The three leading stores are within five minutes' walk of each other in the centre of Paris, but shopping hours vary and it is well to check on closing days. Some stores are closed on Mondays, while the majority of luxury shops, like couturiers, jewellers and furriers, are closed on Saturdays. Individually to literally the key-word in Paris for every phase of merchandise and shopping.—China Mail Special.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS

Brass taps can be kept from looking water-spotted if, when they are cleaned, a little furniture polish is applied. The oil in the polish prevents the chemical action that comes from water.

The quickest way to clean medicine or other bottles is to

put a teaspoon of vinegar in them, then a few grains of rice. Shake well. When rinsed, the bottles should be quite clean.

Thorough rinsing is important in leaving washables clean and sparkling.

STOP AND THINK

Shrewd dress-sense can sometimes disguise a too-amplified figure but when we're on the beach the truth is out...

Here is one way of helping yourself to gain an outline as slender as the model alongside.

"Delicious!" exclaimed a famous French novelist when he tasted ice-cream for the first time. "Such a pity it isn't a sin!"

The modern woman, versed in her calories and anxious about her figure, is only too aware that it is a sin—or rather, a peccadillo, for ice-cream is really a mild offender by comparison with some foods. An average portion contains only 115 calories as against the 430 in a helping of apple charlotte, while the apple-lifted castle pudding literally turns the scales at 520.

Not all sweet things are taboo to those with sweet teeth and a tendency to run to fat. A baked apple, for instance, has only 50 calories while steamed rhubarb sweetened with saccharine contains half that number.

You need not fret yourself with all these figures, however, if you remember that there are 50 calories in a lump of sugar. Do we hear a sigh of "Heavens!" from the lady who begins each new day with a hot cup of sugary tea? Our apologies, madam, but there it is. Before you have as much as snuggled feet into mules, you have already added something to your weight.

Cold comfort, maybe, but there is a warming antidote. Take as your regular pre-breakfast drink, two table-spoonsful of P.L.I. natural lemon juice topped up with warm water. At first you may find it easier to add saccharine but most women prefer the naturally refreshing flavour of the juice. Indeed many say they would drink P.L.I. even if it did not have such a wonderful way with their complexions and figures.

P.L.I. is the natural, undiluted, unsweetened juice of the pick of the Sicilian lemon harvest.

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GREAT RING BATTLES

THE NIGHT WHEN
WALLY THOM'S HEART
KNEW NO MERCY

By HAROLD MAYES

Cuts, cuts, and more cuts. For years Wally Thom, the sandy-haired Birkenhead southpaw welterweight, made light of eye injuries which would have disheartened many a lesser fighter, even though they cost him many a verdict.

He was so successful in his determination to overcome the handicap that he won a Lonsdale Belt outright, in spite of once losing his British title.

A really honest workman, he was usually under-rated as a champion. Because his suspect eyebrows never allowed him to run up a long string of victories at any time during his seven-year career. But Thom can look back in retirement on one contest which brought him a title because he suffered cut eyes.

It is something I hope he will remember in the new ring career he is trying to carve out for himself—as a referee.

The initial steps he has taken in that direction suggest he is going to be a good 'un, but there are times when referees stop a contest too early because of a cut eye.

They can also make a mistake the other way.

Thom knows all about that situation because there were times when he might have gone on to win without serious damage, just as he did in this contest which comes into the strange-but-true category.

THRILLING BOUT

It never offered the prospect of being more than just another contest, yet it proved to be as thrilling a bout as was ever staged at Liverpool Stadium—and that is saying something.

The knowledgeable Merseyside fans just about took the roof off the building when Thom, in danger of defeat any second because of his injuries, halted tough Frenchman Gilbert Lavigne to strip him of his European Championship.

A battle between two southpaws doesn't sound the kind of fight made for thrills, does it, particularly if it happens to have been hanging life for months?

Yet this contest, which hadn't any pull, became one that those who watch it are scarcely likely to forget.

I shall not readily forget the sight, as the contest reached its most dramatic stages, of the well-dressed woman at the ringside.

She might have been sitting there impassively. She might have been hiding her face because of the blood—for there was plenty of it.

HALF-CROUCHING

But, instead, she was standing on her seat, in a half-crouched position to prevent obstructing the view of spectators behind her.

Pumping her arms in a series of well-delivered strokes, she beat the air as she yelled in a shrill voice—"Come on, come on, Britain!"

Lavigne, the blue-chinned, forbidding-looking Frenchman, was a man with a power wallop. He had been fighting with middleweights, and making a pretty fair job of it.

At the same time, however, he had been making a successful job of trying to avoid Thom, because he didn't fancy the idea of fighting in Britain.

When he found he had to, however, he checked on his opponent's weakness, and went out from the first bell to play on it.

Thom, obviously forgetful cut eyes. Even though the actual injuries never worried him he was, naturally, always haunted by the knowledge that referees regarded the injuries as a good deal more seriously than he did.

Usually on those occasions he used his ringcraft to keep him

out of trouble as much as possible.

On the night of August 26, 1954, however, it was different. Hardly had the first round begun when—bang! In went Lavigne's head, and Thom faced the prospect of going 15 rounds with a split eyebrow.

Was it any wonder that for the next few rounds he showed extreme caution?

But even as he did so, the fazed-up crowd, almost exclusively Thom supporters, sat nervously on the edges of their seats, for it looked as if Lavigne was biding his time for the chance to land one power punch and finish it.

The tensed-up spectators expected the worst but hoped for the best.

They appreciated the Briton's caution, but each time he tried to cut loose they cheered him to the echo, leaving no doubt that they realised, just as much as Thom, that the chances of him going the distance with a worsening eye injury were remote.

RESTLESS

The crowd's urging and Thom's own very real appreciation of the situation had a marked effect on what was to follow. Suddenly the normally careful Birkenhead man began to realise this could be his night.

Restless, without being reckless, he started to change the course of the fight. He displayed versatility, punching power beyond that normally expected from him, and, above, all a willingness to trade blows with a man who could wallop.

He mixed his right-hand lead cleverly. He scored repeatedly with crushing lefts to the body and beautiful hooks to the face, and, under the assaults that Thom was continually mounting, it was the heavier-punching Lavigne who was always first to break ground.

TIGERISH

It became more and more obvious at the ringside that Lavigne was not relishing the strength of Wally's hitting, particularly his short, well-directed left hands to the body.

Always, however, the danger lurked. Just one punch on that damaged eye and all Thom's efforts would be in vain.

He knew it without any doubt, and the knowledge of it, I'm sure, gave him that sense of urgency which for once turned a normally placid, ring man into a tigerish performer, like the wounded animal fighting for its continued existence.

Thom was not the only man who realised it though. Lavigne knew he was in there with more than a chance, and, in the eighth, he showed he was ready to go forward and take what was coming in an effort to land a finisher.

He stabbed his right hand, hands into Thom's face as the Birkenhead man retreated to the ropes. Then he slammed home a powerful left to the mid-section.

Famous
Sports Stars
I Have Met

JACK BLOOMFIELD

By Archie Quick

Down in sunny exclusive Eastbourne, a former British Heavyweight Champion is living out the evening of his days. Jack Bloomfield is not an old man, by any means, but he is a very sick man.

This tall, handsome Jew, with his piercing eyes and mane of black hair, was once thought to be the man to bring the World's Championship back to Great Britain. After a solid apprenticeship as a cruiserweight, he won the 12st. 7lbs British title and then proceeded to mop up the current heavyweights. Joe Beckett's crown seemed certain to pass to him.

Then he was matched with "Bombardier" Billy Wells—and tragedy stalked. Jack knocked his man out and picked him up and carried him to his corner. Alas, the sporting gesture cost him his career, for he suffered a hernia, and was never the same fighter afterwards.

MEETING PLACE

In business, however, he prospered, and his pre-war West End tavern just off Leicester Square was the same meeting place of the famous as Jack Dempsey's is on Broadway, New York. Stage, screen, journalism, all the sports were represented by the characters who converged on "Jack Bloomfield's Place". Champions, boxers, footballers, cricketers, golfers, athletes, snapper players, actors, actresses and comedians, were two-a-penny there.

Again fate struck. The hostility sustained a direct hit in the blitz, and it is only just recently that there is talk of it being re-built. Down at Eastbourne, Jack told me that he did not think he himself would ever be fit enough to return there. "I am ill enough, without having to live with memories," he said.

Ghosts would certainly walk in the inn were re-opened. Bloomfield went to Torquay after being blitzed out, but again a bomb dropped, and he suffered a shock. "And to think it all started through picking up Wells," he added. "I never aimed to do anything sporting like that in my fights. I generally knocked them out and left them to their seconds. You can say it

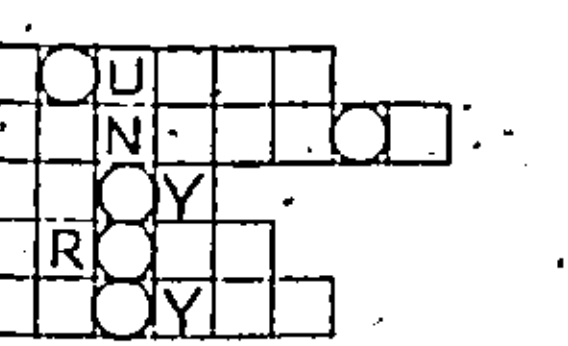
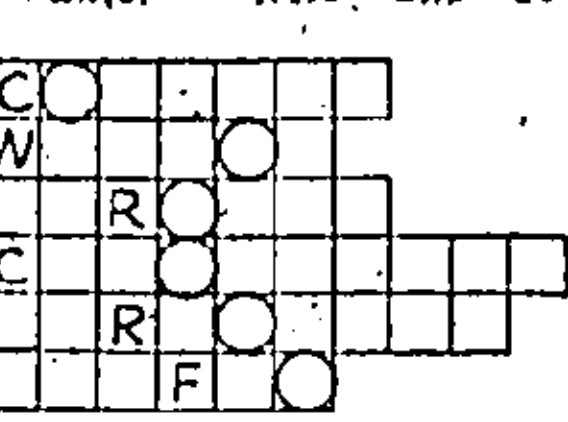
was the one bright deed I ever did, and have I paid for it!" Even the Americans thought Bloomfield had a chance to lift the World Championship, and it was one of the dark nights for British boxing when, out of character, he spontaneously executed the cavalier deed which was to wreck his boxing life.

Next Article: How Peter Keenan slammed his way to victory over the little Zulu, Jake Tull, in the "battle of a thousand cuts."



NAMESAKES

INSTRUCTIONS: Fill in the spaces, against each of the clues below with a word related to my life. The letters in circles spell out my name. Who am I?



Solution on Back Page

- 1 Early English poet
- 2 Yorkshire town
- 3 Port
- 4 Rituals
- 5 English county
- 6 Steep faces
- 7 Place of worship
- 8 Aspects perhaps
- 9 Pious
- 10 Command
- 11 In church or Commons?

ALEC STOCK SAYS
'NO' TO £20,000

Mr Alec Stock, mercurial manager of a football team deep in the heart of East London, the other day turned down a £20,000-plus chance of running a fashionable club in sunny Italy.

The Italian club Roma want him as their coach. Their first bid: £16,000-in-two-years, plus a flat for him and his family. Why has Stock, sometime with Arsenal who now manages the Second Division club Leyton Orient, rejected both offers?

It was Mrs Marjorie Stock, dark-haired, in her mid-30s, who spoke about the reasons recently. In their five-roomed, semi-detached home in Woodford Green, Essex, she said:

"Alec is not the type of man to make a decision on his own. Naturally he discussed this offer with me."

A GARDEN

"I would never stand in the way of Alec's career. But one cannot just go abroad and leave everything."

"There are the children—and other difficulties. I don't like flats. They are not for children. They want a garden."

Answers To
Sports Quiz

1. Christine Truman in both cases. She is 16 years old and 5ft 11in tall.
2. A. H. Keadar in 1954.
3. Rome in 1950.
4. Steeplechasing. A famous American Jockey, Dolly Byers won more than 150 steeplechases.
5. Melbourne in 1977.
6. Miss Charlotte Dodd who won the ladies' singles in 1887 at the age of 15.
7. Florence Chadwick of the United States in 1951.
8. He won title in 1937 at the age of 23.
9. W. G. Grace, E. M. Grace and G. F. Grace played for England in the Oval Test of 1880.
10. Sonja Henie. She won title ten times from 1927 to 1936.

was the one bright deed I ever did, and have I paid for it!" Even the Americans thought Bloomfield had a chance to lift the World Championship, and it was one of the dark nights for British boxing when, out of character, he spontaneously executed the cavalier deed which was to wreck his boxing life.

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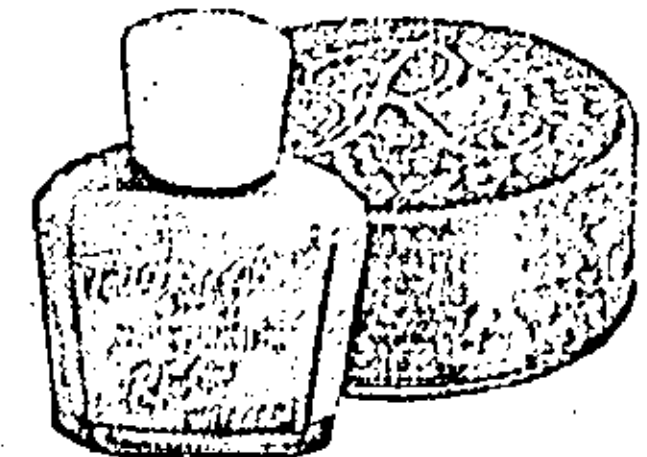
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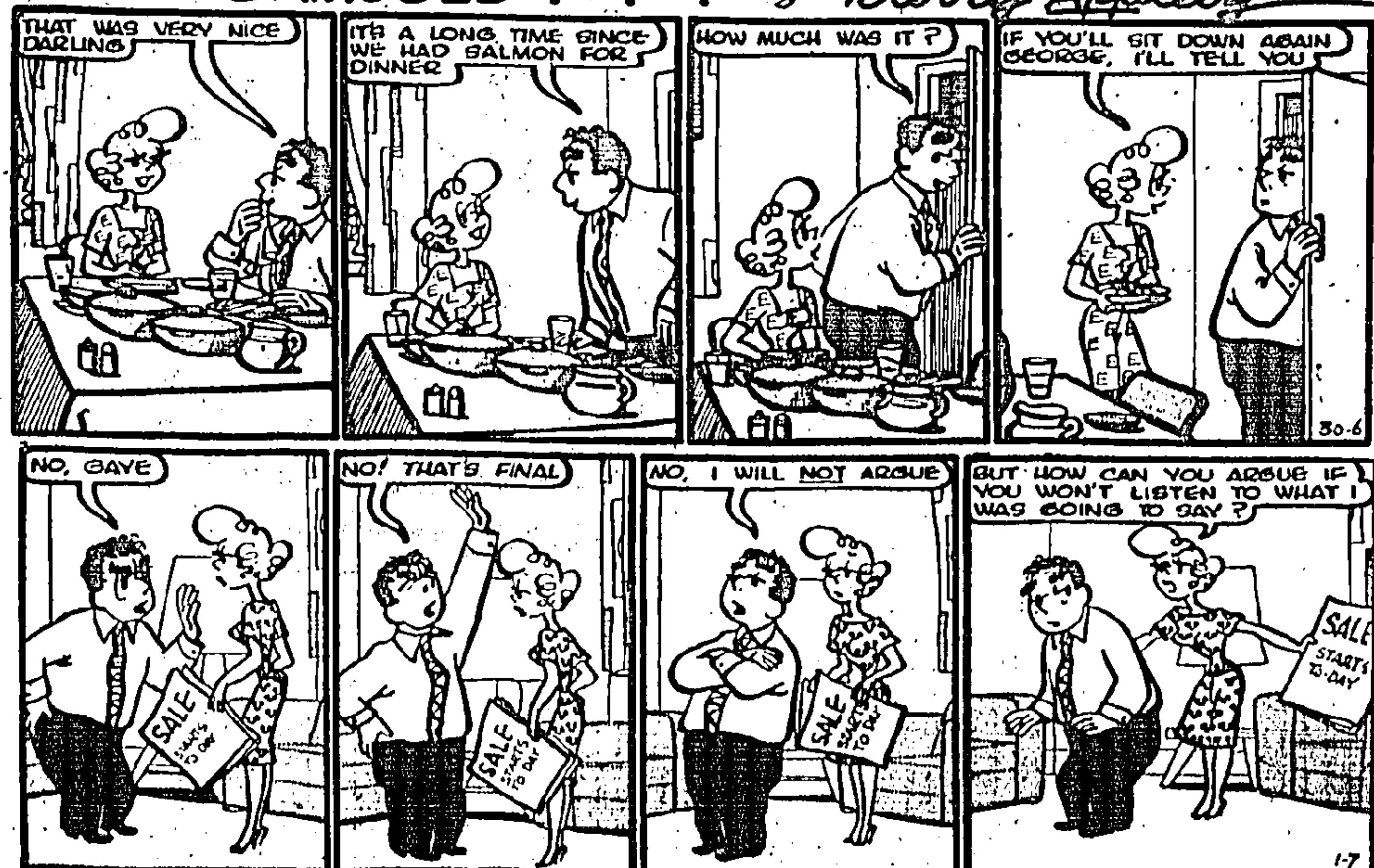
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THE GAMBOLS

by Barry Appleby

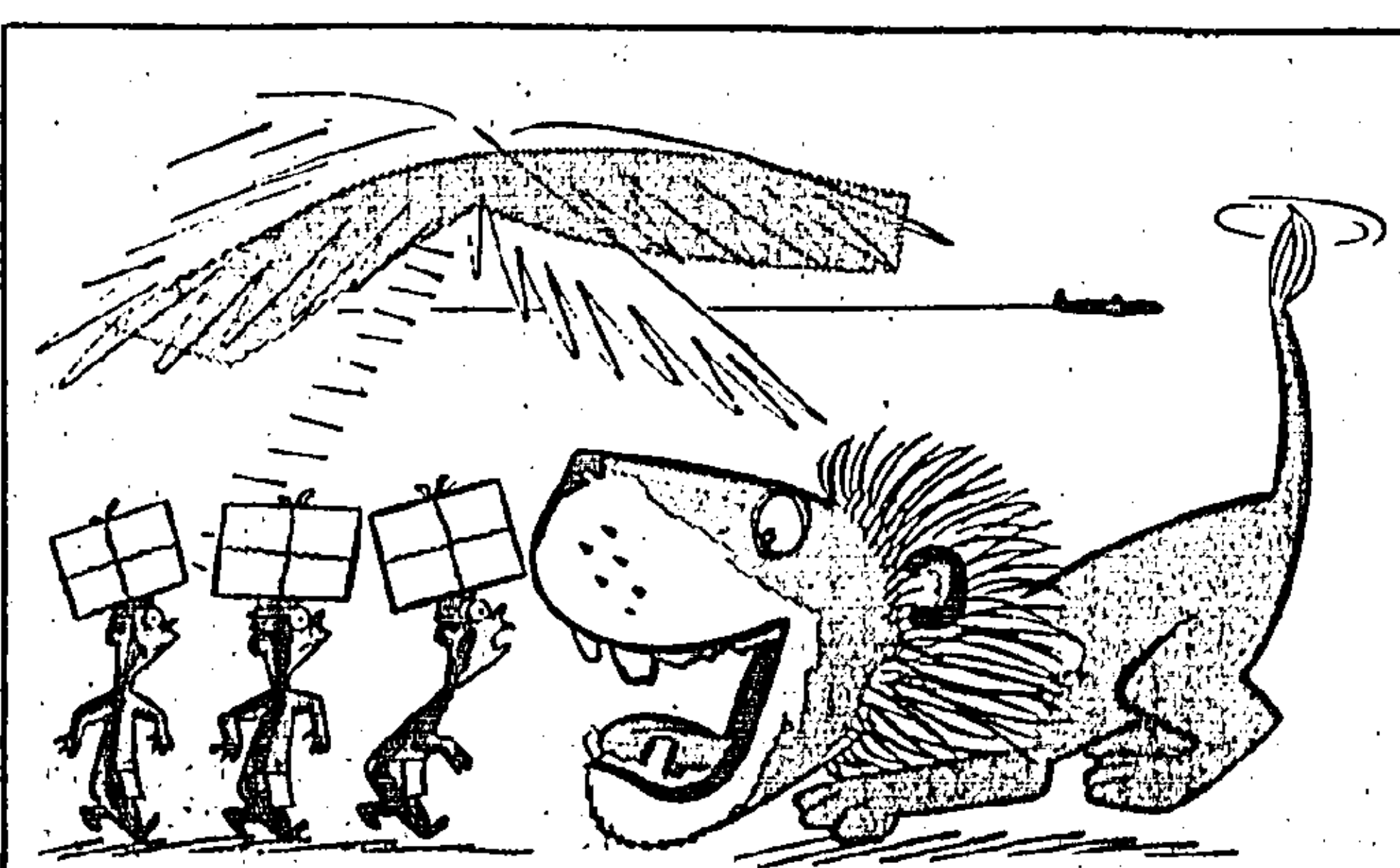


Smart People



the Luxury
of
GIRARD PERREGAUX

is not beyond your reach



...should have sent it by Pan American

CLIPPER CARGO

YOUR BIRTHDAY... By STELLA

SATURDAY, JULY 13

BORN today, you have a strong desire for learning and devote a large part of your life to this desire. You are the type, however, who puts this knowledge to practical, common-sense use, for you are not the theorist, alone. Since you enjoy travelling, there are few places on the globe that you will not have visited during your lifetime if you have your way about things. Select as your life work one of the areas of expression which takes you on a long, continuous journey.

You have a magnetic personality, make friends wherever you go and are sought out for advice on complex questions. Since you are keenly interested in the social welfare of all, you probably will devote much of your life to the practical solution of social welfare problems. You may, however, at first, but you will want to put your ideas into practice to prove that they are workable. You have a high degree of adaptability, and while you are capable of adjusting to all conditions, you will do that only when a situation suits you. If it doesn't you will adapt the situation to your requirements!

Since you have a great capacity for love and devotion, your domestic life should be a contented and happy one. It is likely that there will be but one great love in your life and that it will bring you great joy and happiness.

Among those born on this date were: Robert Bridges, poet; Mary E. Woolley, educator; John Jacob Astor 4th, financier; Roger Wolcott, early Governor of Massachusetts; and Sidney Blackmer, actor.

To find what the stars have in store for you tomorrow, select your birthday star and read the corresponding paragraph. Let your birthday star be your daily guide.

SUNDAY, JULY 14

CANCER (June 22-July 23)—The social life of your own family will prove interesting. Perhaps a family reunion is the order of the day.

LEO (July 24-Aug. 23)—There are exceptional prospects for pleasant community activities. Take advantage of them now.

VIRGO (Aug. 24-Sept. 23)—After your devotional duties, spend the balance of the day in restful, pleasant recreation. It builds energies.

LIBRA (Sept. 24-Oct. 23)—Rest the mind and body today for the busy weeks to come. Much activity ahead!

SCORPIO (Oct. 24-Nov. 23)—You can make up for lost time. Make careful plans for your future; see to it that you carry them through.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23-Dec. 22)—Personal interests are in the foreground. Perhaps pay a visit to someone who lives out of town.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 23-Jan. 20)—Practice being an optimist today! You will find it makes the possibility of dreams coming true nearer to actuality.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 21-Feb. 19)—A day in which to take things easy for a change. Relax tensions and your nerves as well as the physical being.

PISCES (Feb. 20-Mar. 20)—Your morning devotions should bring you renewed hope and inspiration. Make careful plans for the future.

ARIES (Mar. 21-Apr. 20)—A friendly and sociable day should bring relaxing pleasure. Mingle with friends and relatives pleasantly.

TAURUS (Apr. 21-May 21)—You can utilize this day as you see fit, just so long as you provide for some rest and relaxation.

GEMINI (May 22-June 21)—A good Sunday, but stress measures for health and rest. You will need to store up energies for the future.

BORN today, you have a kindly and trusting nature. You have an exceptional degree of adaptability and can adjust yourself to any condition. It may be better for you, if you will push against the obstacles of life rather than always trying to adjust. In this way, you will lift yourself out of any unpleasant situation created by circumstances beyond your control. There is a point beyond which adjustment is a detriment rather than an asset.

Since you are essentially an idealist, you are always seeking perfection. Your ideals are high, and unless you watch out, your search for that which is perfect will disintegrate into a talent for finding fault with things rather than doing something about correcting them. In other words, it behooves you to be constructive in your entire attitude toward life.

You are one of those who could easily fall in love at first sight. Your emotions and affections are near the surface and you are quick to show them. You could be made extremely unhappy by broken romance, so you should take considerable care in the selection of your marriage partner. You women are born mothers and should have a family of your own to care for. Make sure that the one you wed also wants a large family!

Among those born on this date were: Johannes Mueller, physiologist; Owen Wister and Florence Kingsley, authors; Albert Hopkins, astronomer; John Penn, early Governor of Pennsylvania; and Clara Fisher, actress.

To find what the stars have in store for you tomorrow, select your birthday star and read the corresponding paragraph. Let your birthday star be your daily guide.

MONDAY, JULY 15

CANCER (June 22-July 23)—Excellent aspects for your ambitions. All your plans should work out favourably and to your advantage.

LEO (July 24-Aug. 23)—A day in which your intuitions should lead you right. Financial matters with others can be arranged now.

VIRGO (Aug. 24-Sept. 23)—Combine social and business relationships in such a way that you will enjoy yourself.

LIBRA (Sept. 24-Oct. 23)—Impulsiveness is now work reorganization. See that you keep to a regular schedule of activity.

SCORPIO (Oct. 24-Nov. 23)—One of those pleasant days when you may expect social activities to function to your distinct advantage.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23-Dec. 22)—All the trades are highly favoured. Reach an ambition which has been in your mind for some time now.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 23-Jan. 20)—There is romance for you if you seek it now. You may want to start out on a trip. Signs are auspicious.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 21-Feb. 19)—Attend to personal business affairs involving your job. Set a schedule and stick to it.

PISCES (Feb. 20-Mar. 20)—Your personal efforts count for considerable now. You get as much out of life as you care to put into it.

CHESS NEWS

Solution No. 5222: 1 Rxc3, 2 Rxb3, 3 Qxh3, 4 Qg4, 5 Rxb3, 6 Qxh3, 7 Rxb3, 8 Qxh3, 9 Rxb3, 10 Qxh3, 11 Rxb3, 12 Qxh3, 13 Rxb3, 14 Qxh3, 15 Rxb3, 16 Qxh3, 17 Rxb3, 18 Qxh3, 19 Rxb3, 20 Qxh3, 21 Rxb3, 22 Qxh3, 23 Rxb3, 24 Qxh3, 25 Rxb3, 26 Qxh3, 27 Rxb3, 28 Qxh3, 29 Rxb3, 30 Qxh3, 31 Rxb3, 32 Qxh3, 33 Rxb3, 34 Qxh3, 35 Rxb3, 36 Qxh3, 37 Rxb3, 38 Qxh3, 39 Rxb3, 40 Qxh3, 41 Rxb3, 42 Qxh3, 43 Rxb3, 44 Qxh3, 45 Rxb3, 46 Qxh3, 47 Rxb3, 48 Qxh3, 49 Rxb3, 50 Qxh3, 51 Rxb3, 52 Qxh3, 53 Rxb3, 54 Qxh3, 55 Rxb3, 56 Qxh3, 57 Rxb3, 58 Qxh3, 59 Rxb3, 60 Qxh3, 61 Rxb3, 62 Qxh3, 63 Rxb3, 64 Qxh3, 65 Rxb3, 66 Qxh3, 67 Rxb3, 68 Qxh3, 69 Rxb3, 70 Qxh3, 71 Rxb3, 72 Qxh3, 73 Rxb3, 74 Qxh3, 75 Rxb3, 76 Qxh3, 77 Rxb3, 78 Qxh3, 79 Rxb3, 80 Qxh3, 81 Rxb3, 82 Qxh3, 83 Rxb3, 84 Qxh3, 85 Rxb3, 86 Qxh3, 87 Rxb3, 88 Qxh3, 89 Rxb3, 90 Qxh3, 91 Rxb3, 92 Qxh3, 93 Rxb3, 94 Qxh3, 95 Rxb3, 96 Qxh3, 97 Rxb3, 98 Qxh3, 99 Rxb3, 100 Qxh3, 101 Rxb3, 102 Qxh3, 103 Rxb3, 104 Qxh3, 105 Rxb3, 106 Qxh3, 107 Rxb3, 108 Qxh3, 109 Rxb3, 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